

The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VII.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1880.

NO. 37

NEWS AND NOTES.

—Wood is ten dollars per cord at Ben-
—A terrible storm raged at Fargo Sat-
—Dennis Kearney's family are said to
be in a destitute condition.
—Grand Forks is about to have a re-
—For the fourth time in the present
century Lake Zurich, Switzerland, has frozen
over.
—The *Pioneer* says that diphtheria,
pneumonia and typhoid are over plentiful at
Fort Meade.
—The Reno court martial recommended
—A Russian vessel with 290 soldiers
—An annexation society has been or-
—The H. H. Chen have not all de-
—Chicago should be called the city of
—Barstow, president of the Indian com-
—The Jamestown *Alert* is increasing in
—Ex Gov. Pinchback, the colored poli-
—Deadwood's recent election to decide
—Senator Ferry, of Michigan, made the
—The donations in this country for the
—Congress of Michigan, known in con-
—Secretary Exar's recently gave a din-
—The secretary of state has learned
—My Eugene Schuyler is described by
—Amusements.

Manager Whitney made a decided hit
when he obtained the charming Miss
Douglas, the dashing serio comic vocalist.
Her bewitching ways and pretty figure
has done much toward filling the house
the past week in opposition to various
other entertainments. Miss Wells still
continues and is undoubtedly the best
singer ever upon the Bismarck stage. Her
sister will be here next week and the two
will sing their duett specialties which
are pronounced very fine. Gerin and Hay-
den still remain to please and are excellent
general and specialty artists. Tommy Le-
ward always brings down the house in his
Irish sketches and break-downs. Miss
Peasley has left for the Hills, and Blanche
Granger's engagement has also termina-
ted. Miss Granger is a fine singer and
one of the best general performers in the
country. A pleasant feature of the Opera
House is the music. Messrs. White &
Stone are thorough musicians and it is a
treat to hear them play.

REALM OF THE ROVING REDS.

THE NORTH SIOUX REPORT- ED ON THE WAR PATH.

**Sitting Bull said to be Alone in His
Camp.—The Raid on the Unka-
papa Camp.—Revenge of
the Gros Ventres.**

RAISING IT—AIR.
FORT BUFORD, D. T., Feb. 2.—On the
28th ult. the Unkapapas raided the Gros
Ventre camp near Glendive, capturing a
herd of ponies and crossing with them to
the east side of the Yellowstone. made
their escape without losing a brave. Early
on the morning of the 29th a war party
of Gros Ventres started on the trail of the
hostiles determined to overtake them and
recapture their stock. After a hard ride
of forty miles they reached the Unkapapa
camp and at eleven o'clock p. m., on the
29th, the Gros Ventres warriors, chanting
their war song and yelling defiance to
their old enemies, fiercely attacked their
camp.

THE FIGHT WAS A BLOODY ONE
though not lengthy. The Gros Ventres
recaptured their ponies and inflicted
some punishment upon the Sioux, killing
ten of them. Their own loss is three
killed and several wounded. This morn-
ing a larger party of the Gros Ventre
soldiers under Bob-tail-bull left the main
camp at Glendive to pursue and fight the
hostiles. It is understood that Bob-tail-
bull, who last summer was elected chief
of the fighting men of this band, will
keep the trail with a determination to win
a great name among his people as an al-
leviator of their wrongs. Great excite-
ment prevails along the Yellowstone and
some apprehension is felt by the settlers
along that river, especially in the vicinity
of Glendive, at the presence of these
roving bands of hostiles.

WILLIAM CONNORS,
a mail carrier between Fort Keogh and
this point, left Glendive yesterday morn-
ing with the eastward bound mail and
when only a few miles out was attacked
by a party of Sioux. He had a close call,
but succeeded in making his escape after
an exciting chase, reaching Morgan's
ranch, twelve miles this side of Glendive,
just ahead of his pursuers. A rumor
reached here last night that this ranch
was surrounded by the Indians, the
inmates not daring to leave the building.
This ranch is a repair station of the mili-
tary telegraph line and as there are a num-
ber of men usually stopping there, would,
no doubt, give any party of Indians a warm
reception should they rashly attack them.

LATER ADVISES
state that the Indians have retreated from
Morgan's ranch, probably thinking the
place too strong for them and have
pitched their camp about four miles from
that point.

LATEST ADVISES.
FORT BUFORD, D. T., Feb. 5.—The de-
stitute hostiles at Poplar River held another
council on the first and at its close an-
nounced their determination to surrender
their ponies and guns the next day. They
say, "We are tired, we are hungry, we
want rest, we want food; at my father's
gift house there is plenty, and to spare,
therefore we become good Indians, we
surrender our arms and ponies and be-
come farmers." The Yanktons are skep-
tical and say their good resolutions will
vanish like "heap smoke" when spring
arrives and the grass is green. Gull, one
of the chiefs concerned, has once before
surrendered to Capt. Baldwin, of Miles'
staff, but he did not prove faithful to his
agreement. The hostiles are reported as
scattered along the upper Missouri in dif-
ferent camps from Wolf Point up. Seven-
ty lodges are at Spread Eagle, on the op-
posite side of the river, and the old story
is again revived that

SITTING BULL HIMSELF IS ALONE
at the camp. People from the upper coun-
try seem to look with distrust upon this
surrender movement, thinking that when
the Indians will have procured food and
become once more fattened upon the ra-
tions of the government, they will leave
the agency and resort to their old tricks.
Bobtail Bull's party has returned, failing
to overtake the Sioux, although the chase
was prosecuted with great energy. The
Sioux abandoned their lodges and camp
equipment, and having their ponies in two
bands only one of which was captured by
the Gros Ventres, they made good their
escape. The bodies of the Gros Ventres
killed in the fight were recovered and bur-
ied. The Sioux probably lost several of
their braves as large pools of blood were
found in the abandoned lodges.

LOST ON THE PRAIRIE.

A Party Who Might Have Perished in the Storm.

Last evening was not much of a night
for sleigh-riding but it was a great night
for fun. Quite a number of ladies and
gentlemen repaired to the residence of
Mr. Cameron, about four miles from the
city, and were kindly received by that
gentleman and his wife, assisted by Misses
Maggie Cameron and Mary Falconer.
Dancing and other amusements combined
to make the affair one of the jolliest of the
season. It is a good thing that Mr. Cam-
eron left a light burning in the window,
for when the party turned homeward the
storm was raging to such an extent that
even the old pioneer Hurd lost his way,
and, after wandering around for about an
hour, returned to the scene of their even-
ing's sport only to find that the rest of the
party had had a similar experience, and
also returned. All joined in the exclaima-
tion, "We won't go home till morning, be-
cause we do not know the way," and
danced on until daybreak. Among those
present were Mr. and Mrs. Bragg, Mr. and
Mrs. Call, Mr. and Mrs. Weaver, Mr. and
Mrs. Marshall, Dr. and Mrs. Porter, Mrs.
Bird, Misses Bird, Curtis, the Misses Ben-
ley, Misses Powers, Green, McDonald,
Macnider and Lilley; Messrs. Bragg,
Hurd, Bowen, Emerson, Pye, Westfall, D.
H. and W. Falconer, Eisenberg, Kenney,
Bigelow, Bushby, and others.

Wouldn't Go Back on His Mother.
On the cars the other day a little four-
year-old said, "Mother whose gingersnaps
do you like best, auntie's or grandma's?"
Auntie's," was the reply. "Oh-h-h ma-
ma," said the urchin, "I'd never say that
anybody's things were better than my
mama's." There is the pure metal in that
boy. No boy will ever turn out bad who
has planted in his heart so pure a strain
of filial love. What is there in life that
yields so much pleasure as love of home
and mother? Where is there anything in
heaven or earth to compare with domestic
bliss? The child that worships his
mother, or if she is gone, who lives in her
memory and still labors to please her will
never come to a bad end. And so the
little who lives for home, husband and
children, never permitting any one or
anything to supplant them in her affec-
tions is more than likely to pass along
the shady side of life in perfect bliss,
while she who cares not for the comfort
or interest finds only bitterness at the end.
From the days of Eve to the present time
the wife who finds more pleasure in the
society of strangers than in that of her
own household finds at the end distress;
and from the days of Cain to the present
the son or daughter who sacrifices their
home pass through the world with a mark
upon them—The mark of an outcast
stamped upon every feature.

The Ivys.
In spite of the inclemency of the weath-
er last Tuesday evening the attendance at
the third re-union of the "Ivy Club,"
held at the residence of Col. E. M. Brown,
Third street, was good and the gaiety of
the scene afforded a striking contrast to
the harsh discord of the elements without.
Among those present were noticed Misses
Lizzie Sweet, Jessie Macnider, Hattie
Bentley, Nellie Bentley, Emma Bentley,
Sadie Reed and Loo Loo Brown. The op-
posite sex were represented by Messrs.
Sherwood, Carnahan, Craig, Falconer,
Bird, Bragg, Bushby, Frank Brown, and
others. The next meeting will be held
at the residence of Mr. Justus Bragg, on
Main street, near Seventh, and none should
miss the rare musical treat that will be
provided. The echo is afloat that this
club will, in the near future, give their
many friends a dramatic entertainment,
and their being considerable talent in the
society, THE TRIBUNE predicts much suc-
cess for the "Ivy."

Dick Herbert's Benefit Ball.

The benefit ball given at the Sheridan
House Tuesday evening, was perhaps the
greatest success, in a financial way, of any
similar entertainment given this season.
The large hall was more than full, about
forty-five couples being present, and over
five hundred tickets were sold. One hun-
dred were sold in Fargo, and the Fargo
band was expected and but for delayed
trains would have been on hand. The ob-
ject of the entertainment was a very ben-
eficial one. Dick was one of the faithful
railroad boys and lost his limb while on
active duty. The receipts of the ball will
enable him to purchase an artificial limb
which will be a decided improvement
over crutches. A large number of Man-
dan and Fort Lincoln boys attended, and
a jolly good set they are.

Bennett for Another Term.

[Elk Point Courier.]

Now that Judge Bennett is fully initiated
into the workings of congress and knows
what the needs of those he represents are,
it is wise to give him another term, and
not to do so would be evidence that we
are not capable of appreciating what is to
our interests and be a wrong to our en-
ergetic delegate. Mr. Bennett is doing as
much for Dakota as any man could with
his chances. Being put to the disadvan-
tage of laboring in a Democratic congress,
his success will be the result of hard la-
bor. Then we say, give Delegate Bennett
another term, and the territory will not
suffer.

ETCHINGS OF ELECTRICITY

BLAINE VICTIMISED BY A SUP- POSED FRIEND.

Unimportant Congressional News—
Grant in Cuba—More About
the Hayt Investigation
—Nabs of News.
(Special Dispatch to The Tribune)
GOVERNMENT TRANSPORTATION.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Feb. 2.—The opening
of the bids for government transportation
took place to-day. Aiken, Powers and
Leighton had the lowest bids for the
Missouri and Yellowstone rivers, the
three combining to beat the Coupsens.
Grant Marsh had the lowest bid for ferry
between Bismarck and Fort Lincoln;
John A. McLean has the lowest for Da-
kota, and Broadwater, of Miles City,
Montana overland transportation. It is
thought that the official figuring will not
change these bids.

WASHINGTON WAIFS.

(Special Dispatches to The Tribune)
WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—Storrs, before
the committee on ways and means on the
reduction of the steel duty, claimed that
none of the great railways wanted a re-
duction. The Legislative committee on
the investigation of the Kentucky State
Prison report the condition as horrible.
Defective sewerage and bad ventilation
have superinduced all kinds of diseases.
Ex-Senator Morton's son failed to receive
a confirmation for collector of the port of
San Francisco. The Senate Monday will
consider a bill directing the Secretary of
the Interior to ascertain the amount of
land entered by the location of military
scrip in Western States, and after ascer-
taining the amount shall pay to those
States five per cent of the amount received.
The Senate bill amending the census law
was passed. It requires among other
things that enumeration in cities having
10,000 inhabitants be made in two weeks
from June 1st, 1880, instead of four, as the
law now stands. Numerous other bills
were discussed without action.

THE HOUSE SENATE BILL
for the conversion of National gold
bonds was passed. Bills were introduced
making silver certificates receivable at
the United States Treasury in redemption
of circulating notes of issue of National
Banks. The rules were again discussed,
and the amendment, giving jurisdiction
over the appropriations for public build-
ings to the public buildings committee
was adopted—100 to 81.

WAS BLAINE SOLD OUT?
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 6.—Blaine's
friends claim that he was sold out at
Harrisburg by Bingham, who pretended
to speak for Blaine.

HE MUST HAYT HIMSELF.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—The investigat-
ing committee in the Indian department
unanimously reported very damaging to
the Hayt committee, and find Hayt was
interested in the purchase of the Washbur
mine. Edward Knapp, an agent so-called,
being in fact Hayt's son, using an assum-
ed name at his father's suggestion,
Hayt's delay in investigating Hart is
positive evidence of complicity.

TIME'S SICKLE.

Ex-secretary Borie died yesterday.

GRANT IN CUBA.

HAVANA, Cuba, Feb. 6.—General Grant
and party went to Matanzas to visit the
caves yesterday.

WORSE THAN REPORTED.

MONTREAL, Ca., Feb. 6.—The late ac-
cident on the French railway at Chiley
was more disastrous than at first reported.
Eleven people were killed and 60 wound-
ed. Count De Pugnerrat was among the
killed.

THE EARTH SHAKES.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—Shocks of earth-
quake were felt at Condon, Arizona, Tech-
uacan and Vera Cruz, Mexico, on the
same day as in Cuba, Jan. 22.

What a Pleasant Point.

Another shooting scrape took place at
the Point last night. Louis Melvin keeps
a saloon, and among others who visited
the place last evening was a man named
Parker. The outfit became rather noisy
after a few hot drinks and Parker was in
the racket. Louis is a small man and fear-
ing Parker would get away with him
ticked him in the ribs with a couple of
twenty-twos, one bullet going through his
body just below the heart. Parker, after
discovering that he had been shot by Mel-
vin, pitched into him and gave him a good
"pummeling." Parker was brought to
Bismarck and is now undergoing repairs
at the Merchants while Melvin languishes
in the county jail.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Col. Sweet is recovering rapidly.
Emmons and Linn are expected on the next
train.
Lieut. Leggett left Wednesday for his post, Ft.
Keogh.
H. F. Douglas, of Standing Rock, arrived this
morning.
Miss Clara Lilley returned from her eastern
visit yesterday.
Lieuts. Chance and Varnum attended the ball
Tuesday night.
Paymaster Smith and clerk, Seward, arrived
from Meade yesterday.
Capt. Spaulding and family, of Fort Custer, ar-
rived Wednesday night on his way to his post.
Capt. Constable, recently post quartermaster
at Lincoln, and family went east on Tues-
day train.
Mr. L. M. Harriman returned from his home
in Green Bay, Wis., yesterday. He comes back
to remain.
Robt. Roberts went to the Hills Sunday. He
has a number of teams there that he wants to
look after.
Ex-Mayor John A. McLean, west east on Tues-
day's train, of business connected with govern-
ment contracts.
Mr. D. T. Flannery, formerly signal officer
in this city, is now in charge of the Memphis,
Tenn., office.
Coroner Quilman went to Fargo this week
where he will remain for a few weeks. Quilman
popularity in Bismarck is not limited to either
sex or color. He is a jolly good fellow and
tends strictly to his own business.
H. H. Day, of the firm of Day & Platts, is also
absent. Frank Geist is running the institution
in the proprietors absence. It is rumored that
both of them are absent on important business,
upon which depends their future happiness.

FROM THE FRONT.

Northern Pacific Railroad Extension Notes.

Peace and plenty in the Bad Lands.
The Northern Pacific mail carrier has
been very sick but is now improving.
Robt. McKee has gone up the Little
Missouri exploring. He is looking for
timber to make ties for the Northern Pa-
cific road. Bob is a good one and if there
is any timber up there he will be sure to
make use of it.
Henry and William Tuttle have justly
earned the reputation of being the best
hunters of the Bad Lands. In six weeks
time they killed ninety deer and antelope
and fifteen elk. They shot eleven of the
elk in about fifteen minutes. Now if any
of the boys around can beat that let them
speak out for the above is an actual fact.
Mr. Thos. C. Kurtz is very busy at pre-
sent in forwarding supplies to the Bad
Lands and must have about one hundred
teams at present engaged in hauling sup-
plies to the front. There are every indica-
tion of stirring times on the Northern
Pacific next season. Frank Moore, post-
trader, is getting ice out of the Little
Missouri, and there is soon to be a ferry
here. There is also some talk of a steam
saw-mill to be erected on the Little Mis-
souri in the spring.

A Deep Dyed Thief.

It will be remembered that Mr. Hurd
recently missed an expensive seal-skin
cap. He has found it, and also the man
who took it from the Sheridan House.
A young man named Dewitt Dye is the
guilty party and it is not his first offence.
While he was night clerk at the Sheri-
dan House several articles were missed,
but suspicion did not rest upon Dye.
Recently he was employed by Mr. Mc-
Farlane, the hide man. Dr. Porter wanted
a couple of mink furs, and not knowing
Dye, purchased two of him. Mr. Porter
missed several other hides and instructed
a search. A stranger one day brought
in two green minks that looked suspi-
cious. Mr. Farlane asked him where he
obtained them, and learned that he
bought them of Dye. That settled it.
One of them corresponded precisely with
the marks where it had hung on the door
to dry. Dye was arrested and lodged in
jail. Before this occurrence he pawned
Hurd's cap to C. D. Herbert for \$3.
Hurd saw the cap, recognized it as his,
and finding out where he obtained it
went up to the jail to get the confirma-
tion of Dye to the theft, which he obtained in
his own writing. Dye has enough against
him to send him over the top—his just
deserts. He was discharged from the ser-
vice for thieving and he is said to be a
sort of kleptomaniac. There are one or
two more of these sneak thieves in the
city of whose trails the officers have a
strong scent.

Lieut. Bell's Deer.

Lieut. Bell, of Fort Lincoln, recently
advertised in THE TRIBUNE for a black
tail deer to mate the one he had. His
being the only one with a tail of that com-
plexion in this section, he was unable to
obtain the mate and therefore was obliged
to take one with a tail of the usual cast.
Last week the two pets strolled away from
the fort, and, finally, with the assistance
of a couple of boys "let up" in the pos-
session of Wm. Nelson, of the city. Bell,
upon hearing of their whereabouts, imme-
diately replevied them, and upon Mr.
Nelson made a "kick." Bell could not
swear to any mark on them, which cast
the law would consider them public prop-
erty if found in the woods. Although
there is no doubt of the deer belonging to
Lieut. Bell, still Mr. Nelson, on the case
and now has the venison.

THE PARTING WORD.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I must leave thee, lady sweet
Months shall waste before we meet;
Winds are fair and sails are spread,
Anchors leave their ocean bed;
Ere this shining day grow dark,
Skies shall gird my shoreless bark;
Through thy tears, O, lady mine,
Read thy lover's parting line.

When the first sad sun shall set,
Thou shalt tear thy locks of jet;
When the morning star shall rise,
Thou shalt wake with weeping eyes;
When the second sun goes down,
Thou more tranquil shalt be grown,
Taught too well thy wild despair
Dims thine eyes and spoils thy hair.

All the first unquiet week
Thou shalt wear a smileless cheek;
In the first month's second half
Thou shalt once attempt to laugh;
Then in Pickwick thou shalt dip,
Slightly puckering round the lip,
Till at last, in sorrow's spite,
Samuel makes thee laugh outright.

While the first seven mornings last
Round thy chamber bolted fast,
Many a youth shall tune and pout,
"Hark the girl, she's always out!"
While the second week goes round,
Vainly shall they ring and pound;
When the third week shall begin,
"Martha, let the creature in."

Now once more the flattering throng
Round thee flock with smile and song;
But thy lips unweaned as yet,
Lisp, "O how can I forget?"
Men and devils both contrive
Traps for catching girls alive;
Eve was duped, and Helen kissed—
How O, how can you resist?

First be careful of your fan;
Trust it not to youth or man;
Love has filled a pirate's sail
Often with thy perfume gale.
Mind your kerchiefs all;
Fingers touch when kerchiefs fall;
Shorter all than men's clip
Is the space from hand to lip.

Trust not such as talk in troops
Full of pistols, daggers, ropes,
All the help that Russia bears
Scarce would answer lovers' prayers;
Never thread was spun so fine,
Never spider stretched the line,
Would not hold the lovers true
That would really swing for you.

Fiercely some shall storm and swear,
Beating breasts in black despair;
Others murmur with a sigh,
You must melt, or they will die;
Painted words on empty lies,
Grubs with wings like butterflies;
Let them die in welcome too;
Fray, what better could they do?

Fare thee well! If years efface
From thy heart love's burning trace
Keep, O, keep thy hallowed seat
From the tread of vulgar feet.
If the blue lips of the sea
Wait with icy kiss for me,
Let not thine forget the vow,
Sealed how often, love as now!

A BATTLE STORY.

"A thousand thanks, my dear Henri," said the young German, as he turned the precious railway pass over in his hand. The American Minister is a splendid fellow, and your acquaintance with him has been worth something. Now I shall escape this horrible siege. Hurrah for the Rhine! How I wish you and Louis were going with me."

"Not we, Becker, my friend: our place is here. I care very little for that, since Lauri and Mathilde and the old people are safe south of the Loire."

"Give my love to Katrina, and tell her that I shall fight as hard as I can against her darling king, and these swarms of her destroying countrymen."

"She will love you none the less for that, I think," said Carl. "Good-bye."

The two strong right hands were wrung hard for a moment, but no other word was spoken.

The De Rosats, though patriotic, had been wise, and they had left in Paris only those of the family who were able to fight the Germans as well as help consume the stores of provisions—the only reliable garrison of the beautiful city.

Carl was safe, thanks to the American Minister, but the bitter siege dragged on through week after week of the terrible winter, until the enemy within began slowly to wax even more menacing, in its deadly silence, than the thundering foe without.

The famine was likely to prove stronger than King William.

Henri De Rosat had seen little of his brother Louis since the siege began, for Louis was an officer of the engineers, and his duty had kept him on the outer lines, but one frosty morning they met in the Place Vendôme.

The brothers had really too much to say to talk a great deal, but each, as he looked in the other's eyes, could discern that deep and mournful shadow of the siege which will never be forgotten by any of those whose lives were darkened under it.

"You keep your flesh marvellously, Louis," said Henri. "I am daily growing thin, both in soul and body."

"Because you are penned in the city," said Louis, "while every day I can see beyond the siege from the fortifications."

"But the Germans, Louis, you see them also."

"Yes, but I am mining nowadays, and I make myself merry by thinking that, perhaps, I shall dig my way under them, and come out into the bright world beyond. I believe I could do that or anything else to escape the siege. How I envy those balloon men. They get out."

"We too, may get out," said Henri. "My gay hussars and I are to have our chance to-morrow in the sortie."

"Your gay hussars?"

"Yes, indeed. We have eaten our horses, but we shall charge in our hussar uniform. Perhaps we shall capture a mount. I could charge a milliard of Uhlans if I saw any hope of cutting through."

"You will not. We shall none of us get out. The city is doomed."

The last words came in a deep, solemn, sepulchral voice, and the brothers turned quickly as they recognized it.

A tall, broad, blue-eyed man, in a dark blouse, stood near them.

"Dr. Spielburg?" exclaimed Louis, "why man alive, I thought you had been killed!"

"They will not give me a chance. I look too much like a German, and so, because I am a physician as well, I am forced to do hospital duty instead of fighting these vandals that have burned my home in Alsace."

"This is a good duty for you, too," said Henri, "the best of duties."

"But I learn things there, and I have learned that Paris must fall."

The brothers looked at their stern, sad-faced friend, and at each other; and as the shadow of the siege settled more and more heavily over them, they muttered only a few more sentences, and then separated to their duties.

That was a long day to Henri de Rosat, but it would have been longer had it not been spent in preparations for the grand sortie on the morrow.

He worked like all the rest, with a fierce and feverish impatience, which found relief in repeating over and over the most trivial duty.

Then came the long hungry sleepless night; but that, too, passed, and the sharp, clear, frosty morning found the young officer leading his dismounted hussars rapidly across the frozen mud.

Hours went by, for the struggle was extended over a wide area, and there were many fierce fluctuations of success and failure, but as yet Henri and his hussars were compelled to fight on foot.

Long hours they were, and all the while Henri could hear or feel nothing but the urging instinct within him that seemed to be continually—"Forward!"

Then came a maddening turn of the battle, a whirl of doubt and disorder, and with it a cloud of charging Uhlans that seemed to be sweeping all before them.

But just then a flash of lightning seemed to come down through the smoke and out of the reverberating thunder of the guns, and Henri felt himself so dazzled and blinded by its sudden blaze that for a few moments he lost the record of events.

He felt as if some shot had swept him bodily into space, and Henri knew that he was falling.

Such a fall—so very long and far. Could it be?

Yes, there was no shock. The terrible descent had been broken by something soft, and Henri heard voices around him.

"Yes, Major Becker, your friend is all right. It was a terrible cut, that, but he will come to himself soon, now that the fever is going down. He must have good care to pay him for sending you out to us. How is your shoulder?"

"Oh, Carl, he will get well?"

"Yes, Katrina dear; and he may be thankful to have escaped from Paris even by so hard a way as this."

"Carl, Katrina!" faintly exclaimed Henri. "Are you here? Where am I?"

Neither Carl nor Katrina could have exactly related what was said or done in the next few moments. Henri least of all, but as his brain grew clearer the young Frenchman learned that for ten days he had been living in a German field hospital, delirious from a sabre cut in the head, and that, by fair fortune, both he and Carl, who had been wounded in the same great sortie struggle, had been nursed by Katrina herself, for she had given her services to the wounded almost since the beginning of the war.

"Now I have my reward," she said.

"Bless you, Katrina," said Henri.

And then he added, "Poor Louis! I have cut my way through, but he is still in Paris, and the American Minister cannot send him out. Poor Louis! he does not command a hussar company."

Evidently Henri's brain still suffered from the sabre cut, but he was right about poor Louis.

That morning he and Dr. Spielburg met again in the Place Vendôme.

"De Rosat, my dear fellow," said the surgeon, "you use too much stimulant; you are a ghost already."

"But you don't know, Spielburg; we are working underground like moles in the dark and cold, and I do not know at what moment we may break in on their counter-mines, or be blown higher than this column here."

"Mining? Ah! Well, you must be careful; you cannot dig your way out, you know."

"Perhaps I shall," said Louis, with a weary, melancholy half smile; and the stern doctor shook his head doubtfully as the officer of engineers turned on his heel and strode away toward those outward lines, over which the shadow from the city had already crept and settled.

Mine and countermine.

Each side felt sure that the other was working at that; but the French did more than the Germans, in very fear of what might be, and Louis DeRosat had become a very enthusiast in his subterranean duties.

It was night when Louis DeRosat returned to the mine; but, as he stood on the rampart of the fort for a moment, it seemed to him that he could see in spite of the darkness, away over into that outer world beyond the German lines and the suffocating siege.

"Henri," he muttered; "nobody knows what became of him. I wonder if he got through with his hussars. They sent out three balloons yesterday."

"If they can fly over, why should not we dig under? I must go down now."

"Spielburg is a fool; a man must take a little brandy and abstain before going down to dig in a hole like that."

The men are tired to-night, and the rations were short to-day. I will take a spade myself."

In a few moments Louis found himself in a long, narrow passage that was being bored through the earth in the direction of the nearest German works.

Not a human being did he see, though the scanty lights were burning blue and dim in the foul air.

There lay the tools, however, for he had made his way to the further terminus.

"I at least will work," said he to himself; "I am ahead of time, and they will soon be here."

As he tore down the soft earth and loose gravel with pick or spade, he cast it hurriedly behind him, for the men to take it away in their barrows; but it was long before they arrived, and he had so piled it up as almost to wall himself in.

Then he heard voices, and knew by the ring of the tools that the men were there, and had begun their work, but he never paused.

"If we could only make such headway as this all the time, we would dig to the Rhine in a week," he said aloud.

And he piled his spade with more frantic energy than ever.

The men, too, as if animated by the example of their officer, toiled as Louis had never known them to toil before.

But for all that they were compelled to send for another and another squad of helpers, to keep pace with the avalanche of matter that kept pouring back into the mine by the wonderful work of their leader.

"More men!" shouted Louis. "I feel as if I could make work for a regiment. I am going deeper now under them all, and if no water comes in, we shall be beyond their mines by daybreak."

There was now no sound in the long tunnel but the rattle of the barrows, the click of the spades, and the loud, quick breathing of the diggers.

It was a long night, and sometimes, Louis half wondered that no relief came. But he was not at all fatigued yet, and as for his men, he had never seen such willing fellows.

"All Paris could get out through this mine, or we could let in all France by it," he muttered, "but it seems as if I had been digging here for a week. There is no such thing as knowing when it is day away down here in the mine. Ah! what is that?"

His exclamation seemed to bring its answer, and Louis dropped his spade in astonishment, for a dim, but fast increasing ray of light came pouring through thin and crumbling walls in front of him.

"I must have dug out into a valley of some kind, and that may be bad. But what is this? Iron? Little bars? How came they here at the end of the mine?"

He grasped the bars firmly in his hands, and pressed his face against them, for broad daylight was now pouring through into the mine, and all his men had swiftly fled and disappeared.

Poor Louis!

His was a bitter disappointment, for right in front of him, in long and serried array, were slowly glittering by the lances of German horsemen, and the spiked helmets of German foot.

"I've missed my distance, alas! and come out among them?"

"Louis, my poor boy, I am glad you have stopped digging, there is no use for it now."

A hand was on his shoulder, and Louis replied, for he knew the voice.

"Why not, Dr. Spielburg? What does all this mean?"

"Mean? Why, that the siege has ended, and Paris is now within the German lines. You are at the front window of the old Maison de Sante, in the Rue de Rivoli, and King William's troops are marching in. He is Emperor William now."

"And I? What does it all mean?"

"It means that your digging and your bare food and your brandy are ended, as I told you they would, and you have worked your way out of the siege for the past three weeks under my own care."

"You would have mined out of it if I had left any tools in your reach. I have thought yesterday that your fit would break it in a day or two."

"Then the siege is over?"

"Over."

"Doctor!" sharply exclaimed Louis, "do you see that Uhlans Major on the white horse? That is Carl Becker."

"Yes, I have already had a letter from him. Henri is safe and well, and may soon be at liberty now."

Louis loosed his hold on the grating, and turned his eyes away from the glittering column.

"Do," he said, "tell me about it some other time. I am tired out now. I'll go back into the mine and lie down. Put out the lights please."

"Somewhat too much at once," said Dr. Spielburg to himself; "but I think there's no doubt that I can bring him round, now that the siege is over."

To think that so many of our poor fellows should have developed these symptoms. I'm glad now that they put me at hospital work."

The Hottest Spot on Earth.

One of the hottest regions on the earth is along the Persian gulf, where little or no rain falls. At Bahrin the arid shore has no fresh water, yet a comparatively numerous population contrive to live there, thanks to the copious springs which break forth from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is got by diving. The diver, sitting in his boat, winds a great goatskin bag around his arm, the hand grasping its mouth; then takes in his right hand a heavy stone, to which is attached a strong line, and, thus equipped, he plunges in and quickly reaches the bottom. Instantly opening the bag over the strong jet of fresh water, he springs up the ascending current, at the same time closing the bag, and is helped aboard. The stone is then hauled up, and the diver, after taking breath, plunges again. The source of the copious submarine springs is thought to be in the green hills of Osman, some 500 or 600 miles distant.

A Strange Music.

One evening the family gathered to hear the family talk about the strange music of China. Mother brought in her sewing, and improved her mind and the children's stockings at the same time. But Maud and Arthur sat on the lounge, one on each side of Uncle Herbert, devoting their attention to him.

"I suppose we ought to begin at the beginning," said he, "since Chinese music is said to have been invented by a person whom you have often read about. He was Emperor of China about 2950 B. C., or nearly 5000 years ago. The Chinese called him Fo Hi, but some of our own people suppose that he really was Noah, who lived about that time. The Chinese also hold that much of their music was brought to them from Heaven by a bird which they named the 'Foang-Hoang.' This was supposed to be a very fortunate bird, which never appeared anywhere else but in China, and whenever it came, it brought good luck with it. It appeared whenever a good emperor was born, and its nest was wrapped in mystery, for no one knew where it dwelt."

"Why, that's something like the Phoenix, that the Greeks used to believe in," said Maud.

"Yes, there is a resemblance; perhaps the Greeks borrowed their bird from the Chinese one. This bird appeared with its mate, when Ling Lun, by the order of the Emperor Hoang-Ti, was making his first inventions in music. It sang to him in six tones, while its mate also used six different tones, making a scale containing twelve notes, just like our chromatic scale. But the Chinese only use five of these, and call the others 'female tones.' In China everything female is thought to be useless."

"Haven't they got topsey-turvy ideas?" said Maud.

"Well, in this case they are open to that suspicion. The singing of the 'Foang-Hoang' was such beautiful music that it caused absolute goodness in every one who heard it, and its songs had the beautiful name of 'Tse-ven,' Temperance and Mercy." He had large drums beat at various hours of the night to tell what o'clock it was; he composed, also, many songs. The earliest emperors all studied music, but it was with a view of teaching their subjects good manners and morals. The songs were sometimes only directions when to plant seeds, how to catch fish, how to behave in company, and so on. Sometimes, the words are to keep the emperor's own duty in mind. Thus, one begins: 'The breeze of mid-day brings warmth and dispels sorrow, may it be the same with Chun, may he be the joy and consolation of his people.'

"Another emperor—Yu, the great—used musical instruments for a very good purpose. He placed before his palace a large and a small bell, a drum, a gong, and a tambourine, and any person having business with him, would be admitted on striking one of these. By various sounds, he could tell before seeing him, the nature of his visitor's business. The large bell meant that the person was coming to complain of an injustice; the small one was for private visitors; the drum told that the business was about the manners or customs of the empire; the gong, a public misfortune; the tambourine asked for the emperor's judgment in regard to some crime. China possessed some very patriotic songs at this ancient date, and when, at a later period (245 B. C.) an usurper won the throne, he was more afraid of the music than of anything else. He thought that, by reminding the people of their good emperors, they would be encouraged to resist him. So he had the ancient books burned, and tried to destroy the works of the great philosopher, Confucius. All the instruments of music were broken up and new ones made, and in every way he tried to root out the old songs and tunes. Those who tried to conceal anything were punished with death. And yet, many people risked their lives in hiding their instruments and books in the walls of houses and in the ground."

"What a monster he must have been!" said Maud.

"Not in all respects; he built the great wall of China, which was a good thing for the country," replied Uncle Herbert.

"But did the Chinese have many books about music?" inquired Arthur.

"They had and have more than any other nation. They have whole libraries of musical books. In the library of Peking, there are four hundred and eighty-two strictly musical books, and hundreds which are partially musical. I don't mean books of music, but histories and essays. Hundreds of years after Teh-chi (A. D. 640), the Emperor Tay-tsung searched vigorously for the books and musical instruments which had been buried and concealed, and tried to recover some of the old style of music. He didn't succeed altogether, and the Chinese have very little of their ancient music nowadays. They think that the old music must have been very beautiful, and use at their greatest feasts whatever they have of it."

"But what instruments do they use?" asked the mother. "Are they at all like ours?"

"That is the most curious part of all. In their instruments they seem to have anticipated the invention of many of our instruments, by some thousands of years, but, having once invented them, they never seem to have tried to perfect them. It is characteristic of these people, to the organ, for example; the Chinese knew the principle of the reed-organ 4500 years ago, and to-day know no more than they did then."

"What is there organ like?" eagerly like asked Arthur.

"I'll show you. But don't expect to see a large church-organ." And Uncle Herbert went up stairs to his room, whence he immediately returned with a bundle of papers. "Here is a drawing of the Chinese organ or cheng. It has

usually twenty-four pipes of bamboo which are inserted in the gourd of a calabash. In each of those pipes is a reed or tongue of gold or copper, which by its vibration, causes the sound, as in our cabinet organs; beneath this reed a hole is made in the bamboo, and when this hole is left open the air rushes out through it without making any sound; but when it is closed by placing a finger upon it, the breath is forced up the tube, compelling the reed to vibrate, and give out an agreeable sound."

"Do they use pianos?" asked Arthur.

"They have an instrument whose tones are somewhat like those of a piano or harp. It is called the *kin*, and consists of silken cords, stretched along a sounding board. There are various sizes of this instrument, the largest of which is called the *che*; it is sometimes nine feet long, and has twenty-five strings."

"Do they play in church the organ that you showed us?" asked Maud.

"Oh, no! they like the organ to dance by the best. Their grandest religious ceremony is usually accompanied by several instruments; but the most important of these is an expensive instrument called the *king*. It is made of stones cut in proper shapes and finely polished; these are hung on a frame and struck with a wooden mallet. The stones, which are very valuable and of beautiful colors, are found near the river-banks in the province of Yun-nan. A man practicing on the *king* might remind one of the Swiss bell-ringer."

—Louis C. Elson, in *St. Nicholas* for January.

Suicide of the Scorpion.

Mr. Allen Thomson in a letter says: While residing many years ago during the summer months at the baths of Lucca, in Italy, in a somewhat-damp locality, my informant, together with the rest of the family, was much annoyed by the intrusion of small black scorpions into the house, and their being secreted among the bedclothes, in shoes, and in other articles of dress. It thus became necessary to be constantly on the watch for these troublesome creatures, and to take means for their removal and destruction.

Having been informed by the natives of the place that the scorpion would destroy itself if exposed to a sudden light, my informant and her friends soon became adepts in catching the scorpions and disposing of them in the manner suggested. This consisted in confining the animal under an inverted drinking glass or tumbler, below which a card was inserted when the capture was made, and then, waiting till dark, suddenly bringing the light of a candle near to the glass in which the animal was confined. No sooner was this done than the scorpion invariably showed signs of great excitement, running round and round the interior of the tumbler with reckless velocity for a number of times.

This state having lasted for a minute or more, the animal suddenly became quiet, and, turning its tail or the hinder part of its body over its back, brought its recurved sting down upon the middle of the head, and, piercing it quite forcibly, in a few seconds became quite motionless, and, in fact, quite dead. This observation was repeated very frequently; in truth, it was adopted as the best plan of getting rid of the animals, and the young people were in the habit of handling the scorpions with impunity immediately after they were so killed, and of preserving many of them as curiosities.

Retribution.

A quietly-dressed lady passed down the aisle of a crowded car, looking for a seat. Presently she came to one occupied by a finely-dressed young woman who sat directly in the middle of it, talking to a friend in the seat before her. The young lady looking for a seat said very politely, "Is this seat engaged?" The young woman, without offering to move, along, or rise to let her pass, said, in a careless and exasperating tone, looking impudently in her face, "No. Do you want to come in?" Offended by her tone and manner, the lady blushed with displeasure and passed on. By this time a gentleman acquaintance had found her a seat, which she accepted.

"Did you hear how that woman answered me?" she said, indignantly.

"I could not have believed that one of my own sex would be so rude. And the best of it is I know her by name, and, if she had known who I am, she would have been very polite to me. She is enamored of my cousin, and is doing her best to secure him as a husband. I am afraid she has made a mistake in not being civil." Mark the sequel: The young lady during the day joined her cousin, and in the evening they were returning home on the train, when in came the other young woman, and, at once catching sight of the young gentleman as she entered the door, smiles wreathed her countenance. He, not knowing what had happened, rose and saluted her cordially, and at once introduced her to his companion. Why did she turn pale, then red? She simply saw what a fool she had been, and if she failed to see the immeasurable depth of her folly, it was revealed to her when, afterward, the favorite cousin of the man she wanted for a sweetheart said coolly to her, "I noticed you on the train this morning." There was no longer any doubt that she had been recognized, and that her rudeness would be reported to the ears to which of all others she desired it not to come. So, you see, if you are not polite from principle, it is well to be so from policy. The man or woman who is invariably civil and obliging need fear no awkward adventures like this one.

Nothing is so fatal to the romance of a kiss as to have your girl sneeze at the very climax of osculation.

BURKE.

The career of Burke is one of the most marvelous in history. A poor Irishman, without family, or money, or outside influence of any kind, he came to London and gained for himself friends, patrons, wealth and power. The remarkable thing about his success is, that it was due exclusively to his intellect. By sheer force of mind he put himself among the noted literary men of his day, and then among the politicians. In all other respects there were thousands superior to him, but in power of analysis, good judgment, and knowledge of the science of Government, he was without a rival. He was the foremost statesman of his own day, and it is a question whether he is not the greatest in all English history.

Mr. John Morley's "Life of Burke" is a good piece of work. Mr. Morley was better fitted for it than anybody else, as he had studied Burke for many years and has written of him largely. He has made this volume biographical, whereas his previous book was in no sense a narrative, but almost entirely critical. Taking Burke rapidly through Trinity College and the first nine years of his life in London—a period of which comparatively little is known—Mr. Morley plunges at once into the parliamentary career of his subject. He specially emphasizes such important facts as Burke's theory of party-rule, his independence of his constituents, his bold stand in favor of America, and his astonishing attack on the French Revolution. But Burke's philosophy more than his conduct has fascinations for Mr. Morley, and he examines the compositions of that great mind, as literary works rather than as political pamphlets. It is, indeed, strange that Burke's later writings, intended only to influence the actions of mankind, should have fallen powerless in this respect and risen again among the choice parts of the national literature. The reason for it may be that which Morley gives for the poor effect of Burke's speeches at the time of their delivery—a habit of dealing in generalities, and appealing to "the two rare love of wisdom" alone. On this point Morley says further: Perhaps the greatest speech that has ever been made was that on conciliation with America, the wisest in its temper, the most closely logical in its reasoning, the most generous and conciliatory in the substance of its appeals. Yet Erskine, who was in the House when this was delivered, said that it drove away everybody, including people who, when they came to read it, read it over and over again, and could hardly think of anything else. Burke's gestures were clumsy; he had sonorous but harsh tones; he never lost a strong Irish accent; and his utterances were hurried and eager. Apart from these disadvantages of accident, which have been overcome by men infinitely inferior to Burke, it is easy to perceive from the matter and texture of the speeches that have become English classics, that the very qualities which are excellencies in literature were drawbacks to the spoken discourses. A listener in Westminster Hall or the House of Commons, unlike the reader by his fireside in the next century, is always thinking of arguments and facts that bear directly on the issue before him. What he wishes to hear is some particularity of event or inference which will either help him to make up his mind, or will justify him if his mind is already made up. Burke never neglected these particularities, and he never went wide enough to fall into vagueness, but he went wide enough into the generalities that lent light and force to his view to weary men who cared for nothing, and could not be expected to care for anything but the business actually in hand, and the most expeditious way through it.

Some of the same qualities in Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution" made it literature rather than political argument, powerful for the time and the ends for which it was written. Burke's theory of duty to party, and his appeal of any right of instruction by constituents, have vital interest for politicians of our own day. While not in conflict with each other, it is surprising that they should both have come from one brain. It might be supposed that the politician who would gladly surrender his independence in one case would do so in the other; or that, insisting on his rights as against his constituents, he would have them against his party friends. As a matter of fact, he had them from his party, and broke with his allegiance to it and the friendships of a lifetime the moment he thought his duty required him to do so. Inconsistency was no stranger to Burke. The contrast of his theories and actions is not more remarkable than his defense of the American Revolution and fierce assault of the French Revolution. Surely both were justifiable in the beginning, if either was; and it was before the Reign of Terror that Burke's tremendous indictment against the later was drawn up.

We have not the space to follow the course of Mr. Morley's biography minutely. The part devoted to the American War will be specially interesting to American readers not less for the Burke there is in it than for the appreciation of the subject which Mr. Morley shows. The following sentence may indicate the drift of the writer: The War of Independence was virtually a second English civil war. The ruin of the American cause would have been also the ruin of the constitutional cause in England; and a patriotic Englishman may revere the memory of Patrick Henry and George Washington not less justly than the patriotic American. Burke's attitude in this great contest is that part of his history about the majestic and noble wisdom of which there can be least dispute.

The great argument with those of the War party who pretended to a political defense of their position was the doctrine that the English Government was sovereign in the Colonies as at home, and in the notion of sovereignty they found inherent the notion of an indefensible right which they took to be its natural property. They saw no step between the existence of an abstract right and the propriety of enforcing it. Now the idea of a right as a mysterious and reverent abstraction, to be worshiped in a state of naked divorce from expediency and convenience, was one that Burke's political judgment found preposterous and unendurable.

Golden Rules for Health.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, the English writer and lecturer on sanitary topics, has been giving the people of Croydon, England, "a few golden rules for securing health at home." In the first place, whether the house is large or small, he would say, "Give it light." There was no house so likely to be unhealthy as a dark and gloomy one. In every point of view light stood forward as the agent of health. A few hundred years ago it became the fashion, for reasons it was very hard to divine, to place sick people in dark and closely-curtained bedrooms. The practice, to some extent, was continued to this day. When a person went to bed with sickness it was often the first thing to pull down the blinds of the windows, to set up dark blinds, or, if there were Venetian blinds, to close them. On body and soul alike that practice was simply pernicious. It might be well, if light was painful to the eyes of the sufferer, to shield the eyes from the light, or even shut the light off from them altogether; but to shut it out of the room, to cut off wholesale its precious influence, to make the sick room a dark cell in which all kinds of impurities might be concealed day after day, was an offense to nature which she ever rebuked in the sternest manner. In sickness and in health—in infancy, youth, middle age, old age—in all seasons, for the benefit of the mind, and the welfare of the body, sunlight was a bearer and sustainer of health.

Dr. Richardson next adverted to the subject of sleep, and observed that artificial lights are very injurious. The fewer hours after dark that are spent in artificial light the better and the sooner they went to rest after dark the better. They required in the cold season of winter, when the nights were long, much more of sleep than they did in summer. On the longest day in the year, seven hours of sleep was sufficient for most men and women who were in the prime of life; on the shortest day nine hours was not overmuch, and for persons who are weakly ten or twelve hours might be taken with real advantage. In winter children should always have ten or twelve hours of sleep. It was not idleness to indulge to that extent, but an actual saving, a storing up of invigorated existence for the future. Such rest could be obtained only by going to bed very early—say at half-past 8 o'clock or 9. It was wrong at the present season that they should be at that meeting robbing themselves of sleep. It was as wrong as ever it could be that our legislature should often be sitting up as they did, night after night, trying against fate to legislate for life. It was foolish, too, that public writers and editors should be called on to exercise their craft at a time when all their nature was calling out to them "Rest." He might be accused of folly in saying these things, but he was standing by Nature and speaking under her direction.

Turning next to the question of beds and bed rooms, the president insisted on the necessity of a separate bed for each person, and said the bed should be neither very soft nor very hard, while the furniture of the room should be as simple as possible. A great experiment had been tried on this question with most striking results. At the Industrial schools at Anderly every scholar had his or her own bed, and the wise authorities there—who had improved the health of the children under their charge until the mortality was reduced to three in one thousand annually—told him that few things had contributed so much to the grand results they had achieved as the one practice of having a separate bed for every child. A daily bath with cold water in the summer and tepid water in winter was necessary for the health of every person. Every effort should be made to maintain an equal temperature in the house—a temperature of sixty degrees Fahrenheit being the test—and there should be a system of complete household cleansing once a year. He would leave his colleagues to descend on ventilation, good food, good air and other accessories to health, and though by their united efforts they might not say to lead them direct to Salutation and its hundred years of happy life, they would take those persons who would go with them a long way toward even that promised commonwealth of health and long life to you.

Kingsley's Last Days.

There is nothing even in the most pathetic story of fiction more touching than the narrative of the last days of Charles Kingsley. A writer in the Christian at Work thus sums it up:

His wedded life had been supremely happy. He was wont to sum up its story in the three Latin words that have been placed on his tombstone—*Amamus, Amamus, Amamus*.—"We have loved, we love, we shall love." It was a love on his part of which his wife could say that for thirty-six years it had never stooped—in sickness or health, by day or night—from its own lofty height to a last word, an impatient gesture, or a selfish act.

It had been his life-long prayer and hope that they might lay down their work on earth and go home to Heaven together. She had been in feeble health,

when a sudden turn in her illness brought her to the very gates of death. "He could not believe—there was danger till he was told there was no hope. He heard the words as his own death warrant. But he rallied all his life-forces to give comfort and care and Christian cheer in the sick-room. He promised his wife to fight for life for the children's sake. But his heart was broken, and the unequal contest was a short one."

Pneumonia laid severe hold of him. He had been warned that his recovery depended upon avoiding any change of temperature. But one day he leaped from his bed, ran into his wife's room, and, taking her by the hand, said, "This is heaven. Don't speak."

A fit of coughing came on, and he could say no more. He lingered for some days, waiting for the summons that he supposed had already come for her, saying, over and over again, "It is all right, all as it should be," and finally passed away, leaving her to recover and tell us the story of his life, as no one else has told it so well.

Bob Ingersoll's War Record.

Col. Ingersoll raised a regiment of cavalry and commanded it, and was assigned to the Western Department. He was in the battle of Shiloh, and several other engagements. On one occasion he was ordered to guard a ford, with instructions to delay an advancing army of the rebels just as long as possible in order that our army might make certain counter-movements. He held his position as long as he could do it, but the enemy came up in such overwhelming force that he had no course left but to give the order to retreat—every man as best he could to save himself. It was devil take the hindmost. As Col. Ingersoll was galloping away with his men as fast as their horses could get over the ground, his horse stumbled in a lane and threw him. Just as he fell several balls struck the logs near him, and, on looking up, he saw two or three rebels raising their carbines at him. With characteristic quickness and presence of mind he shouted at the top of his voice: "Hold on there! Don't make fools of yourselves! I've been doing nothing else for the last five minutes but wishing for a good chance to recognize your Confederacy!"

A Southern officer ordered the men to stop, and they all laughed at the unknown Yankee's impudence, and then they took him prisoner.

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Affords the most grateful relief in Rheumatism, Weak Spine, Local Pains, Nervous Affections, Local Rheumatism, Tic Douloureux, Nervous Pain, Affections of the Kidneys, Fractured Ribs, Affections of the Chest, Colds and Coughs, Injuries of the Back, Strains and Bruises, Weak Back, Nervous Pain of the Bowels, Cramp in the Stomach and Limbs, Heart Affections, Enlarged Spleen, Bruises and Punctures, Rheumatism of the Wrists and Arms, Asthma, Gout, Local and Deep-seated Pains, Pain in the Chest, Stitches in the Back, Pain in the Hip, Varicose or Enlarged Veins, Crick in the Back and Neck, Pain and Weakness in Side and Back, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Lumbago, Whooping Cough, Sharp Pains in the Breast, Heart Disease, Quinsy, Diabetes, and for Lameness in any part of the Body.

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To Have Good Health, the Liver must be kept in order; its unhealthy action causes Bilious Attacks, Jaundice, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Headache, Bowel Complaints, Seasickness, and other Disorders.

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BUFORD NOTES. As Gathered by "The Tribune's" Special Correspondent.

Fort Buford, D. T., Jan. 29.—The harvest has commenced, and as the climate in this section admits of the crop coming to maturity, there is no question as to the "yield" this season. Stephen Scott, the well-known wood-gard proprietor, has been very sick for some time but is understood to be improving. Messrs. Sweeney and Colwell are paying this metropolis a short visit, having arrived from the upper Missouri yesterday. Mr. Thos. Henderson, the popular trader at Wolf Point, arrived to-day, and after transacting important business, started on his return journey. Mr. Jordan has his teams still engaged on the Pennell wood contract. Mr. Nesson, their energetic foreman, says this is the first winter for years that they have been compelled to resort to sleds for teaming about the post, but the large fall of snow this winter made it impracticable at one time to use their wagons. General Thomas, the paymaster of this district, with his assistant, Mr. T. B. Reed, arrived here yesterday from Bismarck. It is understood that the sleds have been sent from Knoch here for the December payment. Lieut. Gen. B. Walker, 4th Infantry, will leave here soon for Washington, D. C. Lieut. Walker will have charge of the Indian soldiers, Private Spain, of Co. I who goes to Las Animas. It was thought that he could be kept near until navigation opened, but he has recently become so violent that it is almost an impossibility to care for him properly at the military hospital, and hence the prompt transfer to the post. The Indian said is a good one. Bismarck has fallen into the habit of late of taking nocturnal sleigh-rides and we noted a pleasant party the other evening who were evidently bent on finding a real good old fashioned "cat" over the snow. One of these you know, where there is plenty of hay in the bottom of the box and they don't see how far apart they can manage to seat themselves. Hoyt says it was glorious. Your dispatches will have informed you of the death of the hostess at the general assembly. At present this does not seem to be a whole-some movement, but is, probably, an experiment on the part of the Indians to see how they will be treated. They don't like the idea of giving up their guns and ponies, though a portion of them were willing to do this, that they might secure food for their families. When they say that if they did not come south of the line, they would be compelled to "achieve" a report to submit upon their ponies they doubt give a weighty reason for coming in, and it may be that more will continue to come if they meet with a welcome in the shape of plenty to eat. The report of the presence of a band of Chippawas on the Yellowstone at the foot of the Vedras though from a source which seems reliable yet needs confirmation. The stand taken by "Old Crow," the Gros Ventres chief, in not giving up their buffalo meat to the hungry Sioux seems perfectly consistent. The relations are bitter enemies, rather than cordials, and it is hard to imagine why they did not come to blows if they met. We shall know more about it soon. Rex.

The New York Obelisk.
A cablegram to the *Herald* from Alexandria, Egypt, says: "With respect to the Masonic discoveries under the obelisk, it is a fact that, on removing the pedestal of the obelisk there were found: 1. A mason's square of red syenite granite, the long section being eight feet six inches long, seventeen inches broad, twenty-five inches thick, and the short section measuring from the outer angle four feet three inches by twenty inches. The mason's square is near the northeastern corner of the foundations, parallel with the easterly side of the foundations. 2. A pure white stone, representing an apron, and situated under the end of the short section. 3. Under the apron a perfect altar of red granite. 4. Toward the corner of the foundations opposite the angle of the mason's square, that is toward the south-easterly corner of the foundation, is a red granite rough altar. 5. Between these two altars a mason's spoon-shaped iron trowel, of ordinary size, totally oxidized. In all five emblems, each in its proper position. They rest on a foundation of yellowish drab limestone, surrounding the foundation on all sides, and forming part of it are three steps, all of stone. The foundation, together with the steps are bound firmly together, and very well preserved in iron cases in lead. Other signs in the foundations bear curious marks and cuttings, not hieroglyphics which may be masonic—but none here are able to decide. The stones in the foundation will be replaced in New York exactly as they were discovered."

A Bizarre Curiosity.
The Black Hills Times says: "Mr. Savage, superintendent of the Savage tunnel, was in the city yesterday with a genuine curiosity in the shape of a jaw-bone of an animal. The specimen was found imbedded in porphyry, seventeen feet under the surface of the ground and was remarkably well preserved. The molar teeth were as hard and almost as bright as in life. The bone, which was not large, was firmly imbedded in a hunk of the rock. The balance of the remains were not recovered. It is thought the teeth belonged to an animal of the elk species of creation, but just when it laid down and died was not guessed at, but it must have been a long time ago to admit of the formation of seventeen feet of porphyry over it."

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Furnished Choice Eating and Cooking Apples, Sweet and Sour, Summer and Winter, to suit every locality. Send for Descriptive Price List.
Local Agents Wanted Everywhere.
J. C. PLUMB & SON,
Green Hill Nurseries,
Milton, Wisconsin.

U. S. Marshal's Sale.
NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of certain writs of Vendition Exponas, issued out of and under the seal of the United States District Court for the 3d Judicial District of Dakota, sitting in admiralty on the 17th day of January, 1880, to me directed and delivered, in the cases of D. C. Boney, Wm. Lopp et al., John A. McLean, and Robert Macnider, co-partners as McLean & Macnider, and James H. Hallett and Frank Keating, co-partners as Hallett & Keating, against the steamboat Ellipse, her tackle, apparel and furniture, I shall publicly and lawfully sell to the highest bidder for cash, the said steamboat Ellipse, her tackle, apparel, and furniture, at Bismarck, Dakota Territory, on the 10th day of February, 1880, at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day.
JOHN B. RAYMOND,
U. S. Marshal.
By B. C. ASH,
U. S. Depy. Marshal.

Dated Jan. 29d, 1880.
FLANNERY & WEATHERBY,
Proctors for D. C. Boney, Wm. Lopp et al.
JOHN E. CARLAND,
Proctor for McLean & Macnider, and Hallett & Keating.

NOTICE TO MINING SUPERINTENDENTS, SECRETARIES, &c., SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
Superintendents, &c. out of employment, mining engineers, experts, &c. desirous of reporting upon Western mining properties, and those about to depart for any mining district, will do it to their advantage to call or communicate with this office, stating specialty, fee, and references.
J. E. BLOOM,
Financial Agent for Mining Co's.,
No 20 Broad St., N. Y. City, Room 64, P. O. Box 2335.
Refer by permission to:
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of Specimen Colors of my **INK EXTRACTS,** **BLACK, BLUE, RED, GREEN, &c.** and **CARTRIDGES.** The first three colors 25c. for each packet; the last two colors 50c. for each packet. Each kind making one pint of fine ink. A whole set of 5 colors \$1.50 sent postpaid on receipt of price. Address **W. M. H. NORTHROP,** P. O. Box 24, Castleton, Vt. 24ml

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LINES TO A ROCK.
Old rock, couldst thou but speak, what untold legends
Wouldst thou relate of ages gone before,
When unknown races peopled these far regions
And unnamed cities decked this beautiful shore
For, although thou art a cold, unseemly boulder,
Passed unobserved and in oblivion hid,
Yet thou perchance art many centuries older
Than Babel's tower or Cheops pyramid.
Did antediluvian empires, great in power
As those of modern Greece and Rome, arise?
Did cities, unsurpassed in beauty, tower
In awful grandeur to the sapphire skies?
Did powerful Kings, in regal pomp and splendor,
Lead forth their countless legions to the fight?
Did famished strongholds close-besieged sur-
render
And weak dominions yield to those of might?
And when the lightnings rent the heavens asunder,
Rendering more terrible the dreary gloom,
When peal on peal burst forth the awful thunder,
Foretelling sinful man his dreadful doom,
Did none escape the great Creator's anger?
Was there no ship, no ark of refuge built?
Were none more favored warned of coming danger,
To shun the fearful doom of crime and guilt?
Whence came the simple savage, meek and lowly?
King of the soil, he roved the forest free;
Stooping in reverence, pure of thought and holy,
Adored the Manitou on bended knee.
His deafening war cry o'er the valley sounded,
Echoed his pow-wows through the silent grove;
Swift to the chase, the skillful hunter bounded—
Long were his tales of wild romance and love.
His pride is crushed, his council fires extinguished;
No longer here he finds a place of rest;
His father's birth-right long has been relinquished,
He, lamblike, conquered, seeks the distant West.
The pale usurper, Japi's great descendant
Favored by fate, caressed by fortune, reigns
Monarch unrivaled, free and independent,
Hews down the forests, cultivates the plains.
Ages may pass, great works of art be crumbled,
And Japhet's sons, like chaff, be swept away;
Great empires fall, and mighty Kings be humbled,
And other races rule with iron sway.
Yet thou, oh wondrous wrought, unmoved, un-
broken,
Sun browned and worn by beating winds and
rain,
Shall stand alone, mute witness, silent to—
Man's greatest works decay, God's least remain.
DOMO DREAMER.

Catching the School-master.
"Young and handsome?"
"Yes, just as nice as can be."
"Single?"
"Why, of course. He is too young to be married."
"Then let's see who'll catch him,"
laughed the pert girl of the village.
"You won't," said pretty Jessie War-
ner.
"And why not, I wonder?"
"Because I—I don't think he's the
kind to be caught that way."
"O, you're going to try the coy and re-
tiring young woman, are you?" said
Frank. Her name was Frances.
"I'm not going to try anything," was
the response. He has only been here a
few days.
"We'll see," said Frank, tossing her
black curls. They say he is studying
law, and I mean to marry a lawyer if I
can.
The "catching" had hitherto been done
by the wily, much-enduring schoolmas-
ters, made tyrants by the idleness and in-
solence and insubordination of the larger
scholars. They had caught boys by the
collar; caught the older girls reading
novels under cover of well-thumbed
school-books; caught them writing love-
letters instead of compositions, and held
them up to the ridicule of the school.
One who is always on the watch for mis-
chief is sure to find it.
This evening had passed away. A young
and handsome man, a very Chesterfield
in manners, had met the scholars as a
gentleman meets young ladies and gen-
tlemen, and now some of the girls de-
clared, as no girl with self-respect would
declare, that he was to be caught himself.
So enthusiastic, so really imbued with
his work was he, that he easily inspired
the best spirits in the school, so that they
vied with each other in keeping up in
their studies and in general good behav-
ior.
But, strangely enough, the master
seemed determined not to be "caught."
In vain invitations poured upon him to
parties, to all the Baywood gayeties; in
vain the nets were spread in his sight;
in vain some of the young ladies dressed
for him, smiled for him—he was ap-
parently insensible to all allurements.
He could be seen only at school, or in the
street, or at church.
"He is just a poke," said Kate, pout-
ing, "and I do hate a poke, young or
old."
One pleasant evening several of the
girls met together in the sitting-room of
Deacon Tufts. Now the deacon was a
cripple, and as he had been chosen post-
master, and could not go out to the office,
the office came to him.
It was a pleasant room, and generally
quite well filled for applicants for let-
ters. As was often the case in the in-
formal little meetings, the master was the
subject under discussion.
"Have you caught him yet?" asked one
of the girls of Frank, slyly.
"O, Jessie, here, seems to be the favor-
ite," said Frank. He has eyes only for
her. Hope she appreciates the atten-
tion. He ought to be good to her, or
maybe his supplies would be cut off."
"Of course I appreciate his kindness,"
said Jessie with a laugh. "Why, only
think! He's going to teach me French!"
"Indeed! The district doesn't pay him
for giving you private lessons though!"
said Frank, almost angrily.
"Certainly not," replied Jessie, "but
his time is his own out of school hours.
Of course I try to return his kindness."
"I don't doubt it; but pray tell us in
what way?" asked Frank, ironically.
"O, I put flowers in his room to make
it look cheerful, and on the table, or I
make a little bouquet for his coat—that
is, I did make one, but he didn't wear
it," she added.
"Quite sentimental! You have the
coast clear before you, haven't you."
"Well, if you mean he boards at our
house, and must be treated kindly, yes.
The night you were all at the dance he
took mother and me to ride."
"So that's the reason he didn't come to

my party!" cried Frank, her eyes red as
well as her cheeks.
"Partly, and partly because he hates
dancing; he told me so."
"How well you are matched!" retorted
Frank. "You don't dance, and he don't
like it. If you keep on with your flow-
ers and your rides you will catch him,
never fear!"
"O, but I neither wish nor intend to
catch him."
"Maybe he is engaged to somebody al-
ready; he acts like it," was the sugges-
tion of Frank's cousin. "I told Frank
she ought to find out."
"He has plenty of letters addressed in a
lady's handwriting," said the deacon
holding one up for them to see, and he
turned away with a smile; but I'm pret-
ty sure none of them are from a sweet-
heart."
"Maybe he's got a sister."
"He has, and a mother, too. His sister
is married, and the mother is with
her."
"Oh, but then what does he want to
hire the brown cottage for?" queried a
quiet little girl. "Father has it to let,
you know; it seems to me I heard him
say the schoolmaster wanted it for his
family."
"Absurd!" exclaimed Frank.
At this the postmaster laughed aloud.
"If he's engaged, he's mean enough!"
said Frank, with warmth. "The idea of
his coming here under false pretenses!"
"Did he ever tell any body he was not
engaged?" asked the deacon.
"I don't know as he did, and I am sure
I don't care if he's engaged to a dozen
girls! If he's conceited enough to think
I do, I will soon undeceive him."
It was always self with the foolish girl.
Her undue consciousness had led her in-
to trouble more than once.
"Hush, Frank, there's Mr. Evans! I
hope he didn't hear us," said Jessie, as
the tall figure of the clergyman entered.
"Who cares? If you suppose I am
afraid of the minister you are mistaken,"
she added, boldly walking up to him,
heated with temper and chagrin.
"Mr. Evans you are one of the school-
committee," she said with the assurance
of a business matron of forty. "Will you
please tell us what is the mystery about
the teacher you have employed for the
winter."
"Mystery—mystery," said Mr. Evans
looking at her in surprise. "Really Miss
Frances, I have never heard that there
was any mystery about him."
"Well, there is and I think it ought to
be cleared up. Tax-payers ought to
know what kind of men come into our
midst, especially when he has charge of
their daughters."
"He came with the best recommenda-
tions," and the minister, was more and
more surprised.
"Well, sir, the deacon declares he is
not engaged to be married, and yet he is
looking for a house in which to live, I
understand, and he is at the same time
playing the free young gentleman among
us."
"Has he showed any special attention
to you, or trifled with any of my young
flock?"
"He is certainly trying to win Jessie,
sir."
"O, Frank, how can you say so?" cried
Jessie, her face aflame, her eyes sparkling
indignantly. "He is a perfect gentle-
man," she added turning to the minister,
"and I know all about him, and mean to
tell Frank, after having a little fun.
Why, he has been married a year to a
most beautiful girl. He told mamma,
after we had become a little acquainted,
that he married her just after he gradu-
ated, because she was alone, and had no
friends or protector. He is now study-
ing day and night to get admitted to the
bar, and he is anxious to bring his wife
here; that is why he was looking at the
little cottage, as it has a few rooms fur-
nished. Now you have the whole mys-
tery."
"You might have told us before!" cried
Frank, with a scarlet face. "You, too,
Deacon Tufts, ought to be ashamed of
your conduct, for of course you knew it."
"To be sure I did. Didn't I answer
all your questions, young lady? I thought
I would let you run on awhile, and get
all the nonsense out of you. The master
has made no particular secret of his mar-
riage, that I know of, neither has he pro-
claimed it from the house-tops. Maybe
he ought to—I don't know. You knew
he was married, Jessie!"
O, yes, I knew it. He showed mother
his wife's photograph, and it seems she
can teach botany and conchology and
music. She can help him a great deal if
she comes here."
Then the minister read Frank and the
girls a short lesson, ending with these
words:
"When you are old enough and wise
enough to have homes of your own, you
will wait till some worthy man throws
out the line and catches you. And I am
sure you will find in the young woman
coming a beautiful, discreet and lovable
companion; and although none of you
have caught the schoolmaster, you ought
to catch many a wise lesson from his
manly, modest demeanor, as we 'as from
his instruction from the desk."

Couldn't Cut it Short.
A day or two ago a woman entered the
telegraph office, saying to the receiver of
messages that she desired to telegraph to
her husband, who was in Chicago, for
money. He pointed her to the counter
supplied with blanks, and told her the
rate for ten words. She struggled away
for a quarter of an hour, and then hand-
ed in the following:
"Won't you please send me ten dollars
by next mail?"
"I don't know whether that will do or
not," she said, as she felt her money.
"If you were to receive such a dispatch
from your wife, would you forward the
money?"
"Well—well, I might," he replied, in
doubtful tones.

"Now you wait! I don't like the
dispatch at all, because I tried to keep
it within ten words. I'll write another."
She tore it up, walked over to the coun-
ter, and in three minutes handed in a
new one, reading:
"Am out of food and fuel, and want
ten dollars as soon as you can get it here.
If you can't spare it, I'll spout the parlor
carpet!"
"That would bring the money from
me," said the receiver, as he read the
lines and marked the number of words.
"Then I guess it will from him. Send
it along, and if I don't get the money in
two days, you'll hear somebody ripping
up forty yards of Brussels carpet off the
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gain or treaty, to make it binding on
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desolation; conquered cities were sown
with salt.
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carving or chiseling in which the figures
are engraved on, or raised from, a
ground. There are three sorts—basso-
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ures have a small projection from the
ground on which they are sculptured;
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portions; alto-relievo, in which the fig-
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ginning of the End"—that the climax of all
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New England, the Canadas, and all
EASTERN AND SOUTHERN POINTS.
2 ROUTES,
—AND—
3 DAILY TRAINS
Between
Chicago and St. Paul
and Minneapolis.
The Chicago Milwaukee and St. Paul Rail-
way is the only Northwestern Line, consisting
in same depot in Chicago with any of the Great
Eastern and Southern Railways, and in the
most convenient location with reference to
reaching any Depot, Hotel or place of business
in that City.
Through Tickets and Through Baggage
Checks to all Principal Cities.
Steel Rail Trucks, thoroughly ballasted, free
from dust. Westinghouse Improved Automatic
Air Brake, Miller's Safety Platform and Couplings
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This Road connects more Business Centres,
Health and Pleasure Resorts, and passes
through a finer country, with greater scenery,
than any other Northwestern Line.
A. V. H. CARPENTER,
Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent
S. S. MERRILL, General Manager. J. A. COULT, Asst. Gen. Manager.
Northern Pacific R. R.
1878 Summer Arrangement. 1878.
TAKE THE
Custer Route
TO THE
BLACK HILLS.
Thro' Express Trains
FROM
ST. PAUL to BISMARCK,
DAILY.
Making close connections at ST. PAUL with
trains from CHICAGO and all points
south.
No Delay! Continuous Run!
Connects at St. Paul with all trains East and
South; at Minneapolis with all trains from that
city; at St. Cloud with all trains for Melrose and
the Sauk Valley; at Brainerd all trains make close
connections to and from Duluth and to and from
the West and South.
Close connection with Lake Steamers at Duluth;
St. Paul trains at N. P. Junction; St. Paul & Pa-
cific Railroad trains at Glyndon for Fisher's, Fort
Garry and the British Possessions, via steamers
of Red River Transportation Co.; at Moorhead,
Minn., and Fargo, D. T., with steamers for Fort
Garry, Pembina, and all points on the Red River;
at Bismarck with steamers to all points north and
south on the Missouri River, including Standing
Rock, Forts Rice, Berthold, Carroll, Helena, Ben-
ton, and other points in Montana; also with N.
W. Stage and Express Co.'s line to Deadwood
City and all points in the Black Hills.
Dated April 7, 1878.
H. E. SARGENT,
General Manager, St. Paul.
G. G. SANBORN, H. A. TOWNSE,
Gen'l Frt and Ticket Agt., Superintendent,
St. Paul. Brainerd.

Day by day, in this wonderful age,
Is announced some wonderful invention
Fit to puzzle the brains of a sage
And far past my own comprehension.
You can talk, by the telephone wire,
Seas o'er with wonderful celerity;
To the phonograph they that aspire
May their voices transmit to posterity.

In my youth 'twas once thought a vain dream
That the streets could be lighted with gas;
To expect locomotion from steam
Was accounted the hope of an ass.
A guffaw, as of yesterday, rings
In mine ears from the days long ago
When, at what seemed ridiculous things,
Our grandfathers laughed. Ho! ho! ho!

And I still have some fear in my mind
That the science will end in confusion;
That its marvels at last we shall find
To have been but Old Harry's illusion.
We shall suddenly wake up some day,
In astonishment around us to stare,
To find visions have vanished away
And the good old times still as they were.

Oh, for days on which memory dwells,
When the hedgerows were sweet with musk-
roses!
What if cess-pools were sunk close to wells,
And our pigsties right under our noses?
From your sewers what good have you got,
Beyond fever germs and bacteria!
Till they made us drain, typhoid was not,
And we'd no such disease as diphtheria.

Now, if night's to be turned into day,
The electric light will give rise,
I've no doubt, with its dazzling display,
To some novel disease of the eyes.
Against the new light I stand by the old.
Though their sheen by comparison suffers!
Oh, for your good old days, dip and mold,
With your tinder box, matches and snuffers!

—Punch.

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

On a fine summer day in the year 187—
I was proceeding by the South-Western
Railway to visit a friend and former pa-
tient resident at Portsmouth. It is not
often that a medical man gets a holiday,
and but for the kindness of a fellow-prac-
titioner in making my practice for a fort-
night, I should not have had this oppor-
tunity of enjoying the sea-breezes.

The train by which I started was an
early one, and, having procured my
ticket, I took my place in a second-class
carriage, and lit my cigar, for it was a
smoking carriage. On entering it, I was
surprised—and I think, naturally so—to
find the further corner of it occupied by
a lady.

"Oh!" said I, inwardly; "some fast
American demimouche who desires to in-
dulge in a cigarette."

On observation, however, it appeared
to me that the features of my fellow-trav-
eler did not bear upon them that im-
pression of cuteness which marks Ameri-
can nationality. She had soft brown
eyes, a full, round face, and a profusion
of chestnut hair. She was dressed in a
plain gray travelling suit, bound with
white braid, and wore a straw hat.

"Maybe a German," I soliloquized;
"they are terrible smokers."

But again it occurred to me that pos-
sibly the young lady might be neither
American or German, but had got into
the carriage without noticing that it was
one reserved for smokers. Under this
impression, I bowed slightly to her say-
ing:

"I fear my cigar may annoy you. Per-
haps you are not aware that this is a
smoking-compartment?"

"Oh yes," she answered, with a slight
German accent; "yes, yes, yes!"

There was something peculiar in her
slow, deliberate utterance, and the four-
times-repeated monosyllable. There was
a dreamy look, too, in the speaker's eyes,
as if her mind was pre-occupied. How-
ever, the train was now in motion, and I
had nothing for it but to enounce my-
self in my corner, look out of my window,
and take a bird's eye view of the sur-
rounding house-tops.

For a short time this was well enough;
but I began at last to weary of the mo-
notony of such an amusement. We Eng-
lishmen, as a rule, are so reserved and
unsociable that we shrink into ourselves,
and every fresh addition to the occupants
of a railway carriage or an omnibus is re-
ceived with black looks and a sort of
tacit intimation that he has no right
whatsoever to enter. Now I am free to
confess that, whatever my failings, want
of sociability is not one of them, and I
determined to try and engage my com-
panion in a little conversation. There
could be no impropriety in a man of my
age (I was thirty-eight) endeavoring to
beguile the tedium of a long journey by
conversing with a fellow traveller, a
young girl—possibly a schoolgirl—and
possibly not out of her teens. It was
therefore, with an almost paternal feel-
ing that I addressed her.

"There are not many passengers by
this train," I remarked.

"Two thousand and three," was the
answer that started my equanimity.

I looked at the speaker to find a mis-
chievous smile dancing in her eyes or
lurking at the corner of her mouth. Noth-
ing of the sort. She was perfectly seri-
ous, even stern, and her eyes had still
the same dreamy, faraway look in them.

"Very absent-minded, or else in love
I thought to myself. However I tried
again.

"I think we shall have a fine day for
our journey," I ventured to remark.

She turned upon me with that despair-
ing, yet restless look that we see in a
trapped rat.

"How you talk, talk, talk!" she said,
indignantly.

"But I remonstrated.

"Are you mad?" she screamed, in a
tone of such intensified shrillness, and
with such a awful hungry look in her
eyes, that the truth at once flashed upon
me like an inspiration.

She was mad!

Medical man as I am, a feeling of hor-
ror overcame me when I reflected that I
was shut up alone in a carriage of a train,
travelling at express speed, with a lun-

tic. True, I was a strong man, she only
a girl. But it is inconceivable what ex-
treme strength is possessed by many of
the insane. I have known a woman thus
afflicted require two, and even three pow-
erful men to restrain her during one of
her paroxysms.

However, I endeavored to keep as cool
as possible as I looked the young girl
steadily in the face. She looked at me
for a minute or so without quailing;
then she sank back in her corner, re-
sumed her apathetic posture, and sat
gazing out of the window, with the far-
away look in her eyes, as if no such per-
son as myself was in existence.

"Poor girl!" I thought; and I began
to speculate who and what she could be,
and how she came to be travelling alone.
Could she have escaped from an asylum?
If so, how came she to be possessed of
sufficient funds to procure a railway
ticket? I had some experience in "mad
cases," and I knew that the most out-
rageous ones are those where the patient
maintains an even sullen demeanor. The
girl's case did not seem to me to be one
of them. On the contrary, her sudden
change of mood when I angered her
seemed to indicate it to be a case of tem-
porary alienation of mind, and conse-
quently a curable one.

I looked at my watch. In a quarter
of an hour we should be at Basingstoke.
I was in the very act of returning my
watch to my pocket, when my compa-
nion, with a mocking laugh—the peculiar-
ly metallic ring of which it is quite im-
possible to describe—literally hurled
herself upon me with overwhelming force,
broke the watch from its chain, and sent
it spinning through the window. In
another second she was endeavoring to
force herself also through the window.

Then commenced a terrible struggle,
of which I even yet shudder to think.
My muscles were strained to their ut-
most limit of tension, the perspiration
poured down my face, and my arms felt
as if about to be writhed from their
sockets. And all this to restrain one of
the sex commonly called the "weaker,"
from self-destruction.

I am quite convinced that if the struggle
had lasted three minutes longer I
must have given way. All this time the
poor girl uttered no sound that could give
warning to the guard or our fellow-pas-
sengers of the terrible struggle for life or
death that was going on within a few
yards of them. As for my own voice, the
extraordinary physical effort I was mak-
ing to restrain the would-be suicide en-
tirely prevented my making the slightest
use of it. But just as my powers were
failing me, and I felt that I could no
longer prolong the struggle, the train be-
gan perceptibly to slacken speed.

"Thank Heaven, Basingstoke at last!"
What followed is easy to relate. Of
course assistance was at hand, and the
unfortunate young lady was removed to
a place of safety. From letters which
we found on her, and some articles of
jewelry, which we advertised, we speed-
ily discovered her friends. Naturally I,
as a medical man, would not lose sight
of her until I discovered them. The
patient proved to be a member of a Ger-
man family naturalized in England, and
always subject to periodical attacks of
mental alienation. She had never actu-
ally been in an asylum.

During these attacks, which invariably
came on without any warning, so that it
was difficult to watch her, she was seized
with a restless desire to wander
over the country, and, it appeared, had
merely selected the South-Western line
because it happened to be nearest to her
own home.

She had been so long without an at-
tack that her mother and sisters had, on
the previous night, ventured to go to an
evening party, leaving Lotta fast asleep
in bed at home. During their absence
she eluded the vigilance of the servants,
got up and dressed herself, walked about
for some time, and took a ticket for the
early Portsmouth mail—at least, that was
what she imagined, she told us on her
recovery. Her memory, however, was
very imperfect, but the poor child must
certainly have walked about the streets
for some time prior to the departure of
the express.

It was natural that, under the circum-
stances—I have already stated that I
had had considerable experience in such
cases—her friends should ask me to en-
deavor to effect a cure.

I undertook it, and entirely succeeded.
And also I undertook and succeeded in
something else.

It is my wife who is looking over my
shoulder as I write and who says:
"My dear, the maddest act of all my
life was when I—"

But here I stop.

Errors of Type and Telegraph.

Lately some one attempted to say that
critics asserted Rubinstein was not a
correct player. The printers corrected
the slur by saying he was not a "cernet-
player"—which is probably true. Another,
essaying to describe a certain person-
age as "the great I am" of local matters
found that he was "the great I. A. M."—
a preadit charge, if somewhat vague.
According to a veracious Western paper,
one editor was horrified by finding "The
Death of an Angel-Worm" heading an
obituary instead of the decorous "Death
of an Aged Woman." The rascally truth-
seeker had its name set up "Turtle-Seek-
er," recently—which was a severe joke
for the turtles. Once a paragraph be-
ginning "Miss Dickinson" (meaning the
eloquent Anna), appeared with the auspicious
start of "The disburison," which nat-
urally made the subsequent remarks
somewhat confused. But the telegraph
makes as amusing blunders as the type.
A sentence of Lord Carnarvon's essay on
sermons, at a recent Anglican Diocesan
Conference, was thus dispatched: "The
worst paid country curate is expected to
preach twice on Sunday with the persua-
siveness of a journeyman tailor, and the
eloquence of a barrow." For "jour-

neyman tailor" read Jeremy Taylor, "and
initia" "barrow" with a capital letter, and
all is right.

JEFFERSON'S DAUGHTER.

[Mary J. Holmes, in Buffalo Express.]

A few years since, during a visit in
Paris, I obtained the privilege of read-
ing in the manuscript department of the
"Bibliothèque Nationale." Amongst the
rare and curious papers of the past I
found an original letter of Thomas Jef-
ferson to Monsieur de Marbois, Secretary
of the French Legation at Philadelphia.
Noticing some quaint ideas in it, quite
as appropos to this century as the past, be-
side smacking strongly of the spirit of
the Declaration of Independence, I made
an accurate copy of it, which I send you,
suspecting it may be as interesting to
your readers as it was to myself:

ANNAPOLIS, Dec. 5, 1783.—*Monsieur
de Marbois, Secretary of the French Legation
at Philadelphia:* Your very oblig-
ing letter of November 23 was put into
my hands just in the moment of my de-
parture from Philadelphia, which put it
out of my power to acknowledge in the
same instant my obligations for the
charges you were so kind as to under-
take—of presenting a French tutor to
my daughter—and for the very friendly
dispositions you flatter me with. The
same cause prevented my procuring her
the books you were so kind as to re-
commend, but this shall be supplied by
orders from hence. I had left with her
a *Gil Blas* and *Don Quixotte*, which are
among the best books of their class, as
far as I am acquainted with them. The
plan of reading which I have formed
for her is considerably different from
what I think would be most proper for her
sex in any other country but America.
I am obliged in it to extend my views be-
yond herself and consider her as possible
at the head of a little family of her own.
The chances are that in marriage
she will draw a blockhead; I calcu-
late at about fourteen to one, and
of course then the education of her fam-
ily will probably rest on her own ideas
and direction without assistance. With
the best poets and prose writers I shall
therefore combine a certain extent of
reading in the graver sciences; however,
I scarcely expect to enter her on this till
she returns to me. Her time in Phila-
delphia will be chiefly occupied in such
fine arts as she could not prosecute to
equal advantage in a more retired situa-
tion.

We have yet but fourteen States in
Congress. I think when we are assem-
bled we shall propose to dispatch the
most urging and important business and
putting by what may await, separate and
return to our respective States, leaving
only a committee of the States. The
constant session of Congress can not be
necessary in time of peace, and their
separation will destroy the strange idea
of their being a permanent body, which
unaccountably has taken possession of
the heads of their constituents, and oc-
casional jealousies injurious to the public
good.

I have the honor of being with very
perfect esteem and respect, Sir, your most
humble servant.

THOS. JEFFERSON.

A Strange Romance.

That "truth is stranger than fiction" is
is once more aptly exemplified by the
following curious narrative, which
reaches the *Nazione* from its corre-
spondent at Lucca: "Some years ago a
native of Casamaggiore emigrated to
America, leaving behind him his wife
and two children. Shortly after his ar-
rival in the States, where he promptly
found lucrative employment, he sent
100 lire to the priest of his native place,
to be by him conveyed to his family. A
few months later this remittance was fol-
lowed by a second of 1,000 lire; and at
subsequent periods other sums were for-
warded in the same manner, to the total
amount of 25,000 lire, or £1,000. The
priest, however, to whom this money
was transmitted put it in his own
pocket. One day, having come to the
conclusion that he had derived suffi-
cient profit from his agency, he sent
for the woman and informed her, with
many consolatory reflections, that her
husband was dead. About the same
time he wrote to the emigrant, stating
that the latter's wife and children had
succumbed to an epidemic which
had all but depopulated Casamaggiore,
and inclosed in his
letter an official certificate of their
death and burial. It appears that, after
a while, the emigrant, believing himself
to be a widower, married again. He
prospered in business, became a wealthy
man, and a few months ago determined
to visit the place of his birth. In due
time he arrived with his second wife
and family at Casamaggiore, where he
took up his quarters at the principal
inn. Strolling out to look up some of
his old acquaintances, a little beggar
boy followed him, importuning him for
alms. Something in the child's appear-
ance arrested his attention. He asked
the boy his name, and found him to be
his own son. Further inquiry soon
elicited the fact that his wife and two
children were living, but in the utmost
poverty and distress. The reverend
embezzler, when confronted with his
victims, offered to refund the 25,000
lire; but the affair had come to the
knowledge of the police authorities,
who refused to permit any compromise,
and arrested the holy man, against
whom proceedings have been taken by
the state. Meanwhile, his unfortunate
ex-parishioner finds himself saddled
with two wives and families, between
whose claims upon his affection and
support there is, equitably speaking,
nothing to choose either way.—*London
Telegraph.*

An angry man should pull down his
choler.

AFTER.

After the shower, the tranquil rain;
After the snow, the emerald leaves,
Silver stars at night again—
After the harvest, golden sheaves.

After the clouds the violet sky;
After the tempest the full of the waves;
Quiet woods when the winds go by—
After the battle, peaceful graves.

After the knell the wedding bells;
After the bud the radiant rose:
Joyful greetings from sad farewells:
After our weeping, sweet repose.

After the burden the blissful mean;
After the flight the downy nest;
After the furrow the waking seed;
After the shadowy river—rest.

Simons' Ghost.

BY DEPOT CLOCK.

"She's due," said Simons, as he peered
out of the window into the darkness.
He had no sooner said these words,
when the train came puffing in, its head-
light forming shining golding rings in
the fog.

There was the usual bustle, and pres-
ently two men came into the depot bear-
ing a long, narrow box between them.
This they placed upon the table, and
withdrew. The whistle sounded, the
conductor shouted "All aboard!" and the
train moved off, without leaving a sin-
gle passenger.

A few minutes later Simons made his
appearance, with lantern in hand,
the rain-drops dripping from his great
shaggy coat and slouched hat. Placing
the lantern in one corner of the room, he
hung up his drenched garments, and,
then, turning, eyed the box upon the table
suspiciously.

"Billed for Denver! I'll be hanged if I
like the look o' that!" said Simons, un-
easily to himself.

"What's that, Simons?" asked Jim De-
land, our newsboy, who had just come in.
"You here, Jim?" said he, his visage
becoming considerably brighter; "I am
glad of it. You see, the ticket agent has
gone away, and I've got to stay here till
the half-past one train, to see this con-
founded box aboard."

"What's in it?"

"Why, a corpse, to be sure. Stay and
help me watch it."

"Couldn't see it?" replied Jim. "I've
got a large family to look after, and can't
be out nights; besides, I haven't no fancy
a-sittin' up with dead folks. Look out,
Simon, that a ghost don't rise out o' that
ere box. I'd be afeard, I should, you
bet!" and with this parting injunction,
Jim turned and strode away, whistling.

It was a dreary night indeed! Out-
side the rain poured incessantly, and the
wind howled like a whole pack of de-
mons let loose. Simon crept close to the
fire, shivering with the cold or something
else, perhaps fear.

"I wish it was one o'clock," said he,
glancing fearfully over his shoulder at
the long, narrow box upon the table. "I
wonder who is in that ere box—a man
or a woman? It must be a woman, for it
ain't hardly long enough for a man. I'd
just like to know whether she was young
or old. What can they be a-sending her
out West to be buried for?"

Just then the wind came sweeping
around one corner of the depot, howling
and moaning like something human,
Simons sprang out of his chair in fear.

"It can't be she's come to life again,"
he muttered.

The wail died away, and all was quiet
once more. Simons' fears gradually sub-
sided, and his head dropped lower and
lower; till at last he was sound asleep.

It seemed lonesome to me. As the
hours dragged on, I kept my eye on the
narrow box, and fell to wondering, like
him, who was in it: who it was that
was taking this last journey over the
road. Was she young? and I fell to
picturing a sunny-haired, blue-eyed las-
sie, who had gone home thus early—be-
fore sorrow and age had come to rob her
of the soft peach-bloom in her cheeks,
before the light had been quenched in
the bright eyes, or the sunny hair had
lost its first lustre.

After a time I grew weary of these
speculations, and, like Simon, began to
nod. Suddenly I was aroused by a light
step on the depot floor. Looking up, I
beheld a figure, entirely in white, making
its way toward the table. It mounted it,
and seated itself squarely upon the long,
narrow box.

Presently I gave warning, and struck
twelve. As I did so, Simon awoke with
a start, and, turning abruptly, faced the
white-robed figure seated on the box.
His hair rose suddenly upon ends, his
teeth chattered so that you could have
heard them all over the room.

The figure on the box slowly rose and
stretched out a shadowy arm in his di-
rection. Simons became paralyzed with
fear; he shrank into the farthest
corner and brandished his arms franti-
cally. The figure dismounted from the
table and advanced slowly toward him.

"Lord save me!" he yelled. "Git out
o' this, git out o' this, I say! I ain't never
done ye any harm. You needn't be
a-gittin' out o' that box to haunt me. I
hain't none o' your relations. O, Lord,
save me!"

The figure never paused, but drew near-
er and nearer, and Simon shrank farther
and farther into the corner. At last,
just as one shadowy arm was outstretched
to grasp him, with a hollow groan of
despair, he darted from under it and
sped out through the left door into the
darkness.

There was a sound of suppressed laugh-
ter in the room, and the ghost suddenly
disappeared through the right entrance.
I was alone.

At precisely half-past one the whistle
sounded; the night train was due. It
stopped; and the conductor came in, fol-
lowed by Simons, who was drenched to
the skin.

"This is the box," said Simons, glanc-
ing fearfully at it, "and take it quick! I
wouldn't set up with another corpse agin

for a hull mint o' money; no, sir, not for
this hull State."

The conductor raised his lantern and
scrutinized the box closely. "Why, man
alive! this isn't a corpse," he exclaimed.
"See here, it's marked 'Guns.' You've
been sitting up with a box of guns."

"I don't believe it," said Simons; I tell
you I see it with my own eyes."

"What, the guns?" laughed the con-
ductor. "Here, help me shoulder this
box."

Simons obeyed him with a face that
was an enigma to see.

The next morning he related the ad-
venture of the night to Jim Deland, who
listened with a very grave face, but with
a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

Passed in his Checks.

It is good to speak well of the dead,
but it cannot hurt Old Charley Ripton's
feelings to state that he was one of the
toughest old drunkards in Detroit. He
has been gathered in by death, and he
will hear not or read not. His life was
as curious as his death. He lived as an
experiment. He wanted to see if he could
kill whiskey before it killed him, and
when he found himself defeated he owned
up like a man, and was ready to die.

Think of a man being more or less in-
toxicated every day in the week for forty-
two years! That was old Charley's ex-
perience as near as he could remember.
Not a man of his acquaintance ever saw
him have as much moneance as a dollar at
one time, and yet he managed keep
clothes on his back, food under his jack-
et, and to find a bed. When men asked
him what he lived for, he answered "To
take solid comfort." Perhaps he had it.
No one ever saw him angry; he never
made a complaint; he never wor-
ried, and it wasn't half the time that he
could tell the day of the week.

Well, after fighting whiskey for about
forty-two long years, Old Charley laid
aside his battle-axe the other day. No-
body knew that he was ill—no one had
a suspicion that his time had come. He
had been given a bed in an old rookery
on Franklin Street, and in the night he
called out that he wanted a doctor. One
was sent for, and when he had looked
Old Charley over, he remarked:

"You are going to die!"

"That's what I thought," was the pla-
cid reply; and before daybreak the old
man was a corpse.

When the news came out that Old
Charley was no more, a lot of his old
whiskey-loving friends assembled to view
the body, and see that it was buried at
the expense of the city.

"The object of this meeting," explain-
ed a red-nosed toper, as they stood
around the body, "is to exhibit our
respect for the old man, and pass
him into the Potters field kinder half-
way white. If any of the gentlemen
wish to make any remarks, now is his
time."

There was a painful silence as the old
soakers looked at the body, and from it
to each other, and finally a short man
with watery eyes began:

"Ah, Old Charley was one of the nicest
of gentlemen! He hadn't a fault, unless
it was keeping too sober. I don't sup-
pose he'd have touched a drop of whis-
key if he owned a whole distillery. They
say that cold water killed him, and I
move that we sue the man who gave him
the water."

This speech brought tears to the eyes
of a woman in the corner, and the chair-
man emptied the ashes out of his pipe,
and remarked that in the midst of life,
he was in death.

"Old Charley was a beautiful citizen,"
put in a man who used to drive a beer
wagon. "It was a tender sight to see
him smile when he paid his taxes and
gas bills, and no man was more quiet and
peaceful. If the police clubbed him, he
never said a word; if the papers abused
him, he only sighed and fell a falling
tear. O, would that more of us were like
him! I'll give two shillings, when I get
it to help buy him a coffin with four
diamonds in the end."

There was a great sighing and groan-
ing around the room and the chairman
rapped on the window-sill, and said:

"We don't any of us begin to know
what a Jay may not bring forth. When
I hear these kind words around me, I
even wish that I were dead."

It was a long minute before the deep
silence was again broken. A cross-eyed
soaker, called "General Beat," rose up in
the corner, and said:

"How lovely Old Charley was! He
was a man who used to give thousands of
dollars to the poor and not blow about it
or insist on having it published in the
daily papers. He was always trying to
see how much good he could do, and
how sober he could be. I don't think he
knew what the taste of whiskey was. He
was a great worker, a good man, and I
move that we put up a monument to his
memory."

The chairman smiled as he remember-
ed that the whole crowd couldn't raise a
dollar and a half to save their necks, but
it was a time to do the fair thing, and he
looked around and said:

"Will some gentleman second the
move that we purchase a monument?"

Broken-Nosed Barney seconded the
motion, and it was put to the vote and
adopted, and then the chairman said:

"Well, that's all. It is understood that
the monument is to cost ten thousand
dollars, and I s'pose we ought to wear
crape on our elbows for thirty days. Yes,
Old Charley in life was a flower of beau-
ty, and in death he was not divided.
And now we'll go out and play pigeon-
hole, and try for a brief space to forget
our sorrow."—*M. Quad.*

CONTENTMENT produces, in some
measure, all those effects which the al-
chemist usually ascribes to what he calls
the philosopher's stone, and, if it does
not bring riches, it does the same thing
by banishing the desire for them.

IT SUCCEEDS IN OPENING UP
A DRIET OF LOCAL NEWS.

One Hundred and Seventy-five Pound High Steam Pressure Engine with a Faber, No. 2, Does the Business.

Dunn & Co., Druggists, No. 92 Main street.

Major Woods has donned the red ribbon and "sword" off.

Henry Gager was attacked with a slight stroke of paralysis Sunday last.

There are business men in this city who have had good on the way from the east for over forty days.

Billy Meek and Edith Valentine are not with the Vincent combination any longer. They are applying an engagement at the Gem Theatre in the Hills.

Miss Nellie Comford has opened a dress-making establishment on Fourth street near the residence of Chas. Stanton, and is prepared to do work warranted to please on short notice.

At the fifteenth siding, for a distance of twelve miles, the snow is shoveled up on both sides of the track to the depth of ten feet. This is the worst winter the N. P. has ever encountered.

Flour has gone down—an eight-foot embankment near Crystal Springs. A car loaded to yesterday's train jumped the track, and was left in the ditch. It will probably rise again today.

Dr. M. J. of Standing Rock, writes that "Enclosed please find amount of indebtedness. Let us have the pleasant visitor of 1879 repeated for 1880." You shall have it Doctor. It may stimulate you in your business.

Dan Eisenberg has leased the brick store in Raymond's block, next to the post office, occupied by John Rowland, and is having it fixed up for a model dry goods house. It will be elegantly kalsomined and Mr. Hoagland is now at work on the shelving.

C. S. Weaver & Co. have lengthened the line of their wind-mill and it now works to a charm. This is the only private wind mill in Burleigh County, except the Mandan *Crucifixion*. The mill was erected near THE TRIBUNE office to supply the deficiency of the stolen bellows.

Sutro's, the husband of Nellie Grant, is in B. country and has been visiting Green Bay, Wis., for a month past. Before his marriage he made that city his headquarters when in this country and was a guest at the hotel of the late Mr. Hartman. He will visit Bismarck next fall and take a hunting trip in the upper country.

The second quarterly meeting of the M. E. Church will be held at City Hall Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 7th and 8th. The services will be as follows: Saturday night, sermon by the pastor, Subject, "The Lord's Supper." Sunday, love feast at 10 a. m., followed by sermon and administration of the Lord's Supper by J. Walker Jackson, D. D. Usual service Sunday evening.

Dan Lombard, formerly of THE TRIBUNE office, will have charge of the mechanical department of the *Miner*, a new paper to be established at Rochford.

Lombard is the boy who walked from Bismarck to Deadwood last summer, at which city he arrived the morning of the fire. He had heard nothing of the fire till he reached the high mountain overlooking the city where he saw the smoking remains and remarked to himself, "This is h—l!"

Rev. Mr. Stevens is holding services in Mandan Tuesday evenings.

John A. Stoyell will visit Washington while east to secure the release of Proctor.

The \$60 watch chain was won by Mr. Kinney, who threw forty-three for a railroad boy.

Read's Gilt Edge Tonic gives permanent relief in all choleric disorders.

Hay, Hay, Hay.
Choice hay in large quantities or by the ton. Enquire of J. W. RAYMOND.

A Fresh Invoice.
of pork, tenderloins, Michigan cider by the quart, gallon or barrel, and a full line of spices (in bulk) and seasoning herbs at CHAS. KUPITZ.

Wanted.
A good girl to do general house work at Deadwood. Wages, \$25 per month. Inquire of J. W. RAYMOND. References required.

Hamburg Edgings.
Hamburg Edgings at DAN EISENBERG'S.

I have received a carload of choice small hogs, which I can sell at very low figures.
CHAS. KUPITZ.

Corn for Planting.
J. W. Millet raised near Bismarck, last year, 105 bushels of corn from one acre of land. It is a twelve row variety—flint, of course—called Champion Early. It matured last year in about seventy days from planting. The ears are about ten to twelve inches long and are as well filled as any ever grown in Iowa or farther south. Mr. Millet can supply seed in any quantity. The corn can be seen at Champion Hall.

Just Received
MALAGA GRAPES,
VALENCIA ORANGES,
MESSINA LEMONS,
CALIFORNIA PEARS,
SMYRNA FIGS, at
CHAS. KUPITZ'S.

CIGARS AND PLUG TOBACCOS
at wholesale at HOLLEMBACK'S.

Bush & McBratney's
Billiard Parlor and Restaurant Mandan. Is open day and night. When you go over call and "smile" and get a number one meal.

LAMPS AND SHADES,
at cost at HOLLEMBACK'S.

Bannigan & Mathew's.
Mandan. have their bar stocked with the best of liquors and cigars. Be sure to stop there.

A Fragrant Breath and Pearly Teeth.
Are easily obtained by cleansing your teeth daily with that justly popular dentifrice, SOZODONT. Composed of pure antiseptic herbs, it imparts whiteness to the teeth, a delicious aroma to the breath, and preserves intact, from youth to old age, the teeth. Acidity of the stomach will destroy the strongest teeth unless its effects are counteracted with SOZODONT, and this pure tooth-wash protects the dental surfaces by removing every impurity that adheres to them. Ask your druggist for SOZODONT.

IT IS A FACT.

That a fact you cannot deny.
That yesterday was a warm day.
That Hurd has recovered his cap.
That there is strong talk of another new paper.

That Northern Dakota is a hunter's paradise.

That Whitney will have two new stars next week.

That Dr. Bigelow, the dentist, has a fine practice.

That the sale of the Eclipse takes place next Thursday.

That Joe Pennell has lost money on his Meade contract.

That the government telegraph office is kept very busy.

That there is but little real good hay left in this vicinity.

That old barrels and boxes on the sidewalks are a nuisance.

That government "pap" is not as plenty and fat as it used to be.

That the first issue of the *Sun* made its appearance last Tuesday.

That THE TRIBUNE gained fifty-two subscribers last month.

That Mr. Baker's city bottling works are doing a good business.

That Bush & McBratney, Mandan, have a fine restaurant and saloon.

That it is very doubtful if the services of Dan Scott can be obtained for the new paper.

That preparations are being made for an immense amount of breaking this season.

That a man feels better when he is getting drunk than he does when recovering therefrom.

That there are more dogs to the square inch in Bismarck than in any other city on the line.

That the carpenters are all busy and state that they have good contracts for next season.

That R. R. Marsh has a first class lunch counter and oyster house at No. 14 North Fourth street.

That antelope and deer come within gunshot of the Sheridan House moonlight nights.

That this year's crop of ice is about two and a-half feet thick against three feet last year.

That it snowed so hard Wednesday that for a few moments it was impossible to see across the street.

That there are five Sundays in this month. This will not occur again in the month of February until 1920.

That the new paper is not an exception to the rule. It will be published by a young-man not-afraid-of-his-whisky.

That papers from Deadwood reach here three days sooner than from St. Paul. At least they have during the past month.

That McGowan, of the Custer House, considers that he has one of the best cooks in the country, which is seconded by the guests.

That the young man with a narrow-brimmed hat got away with the railroad boys and others to the tune of \$100 shaking dice Monday.

That it is rumored that the new paper will be printed with red ink, emblematic

of the red ribbon hall in which the paper will be published.

That the Jamestown *Alert* claims that E. R. Wells' new residence at that town is the finest on the line.

Minneapolis Hotels.

The St. Paul Dispatch concedes that Minneapolis has good hotels. This is the first time the Dispatch ever conceded anything good to Minneapolis.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

That is because the concession is a libel on the city. What Minneapolis needs more than anything else is a hotel corresponding to the Merchants Hotel, St. Paul. The truth is, Minneapolis has but one first-class hotel, and the management of that has taken advantage of people so long that Minneapolis is avoided by hundreds of people who will not stop at that house, and do not find the accommodations that they desire at other houses, and so stop at St. Paul, where they do find what they want. Commercial travelers, tradesmen, etc., do find good accommodations at the Merchants Hotel, Minneapolis, and others of its class, but tourists and others are forced to a great extent put up with anything, including frequent lack of courtesy, excessive prices, etc., to be found at the Nicollet House, or stay away. It does seem to the TRIBUNE that there is wealth and enterprise enough in Minneapolis to put in a second first-class hotel, which if placed in popular hands will draw far more to Minneapolis than half a dozen big opera house schemes and surely do more for the city than would a large increase in its manufacturing facilities. It is no credit to Minneapolis that it doesn't sustain but one so-called first-class hotel, and no morning newspaper. The capitalists of that city had better brush the cobwebs from their eyes, and supply this want. It will add immensely to the business of the city, and will prove a bonanza indeed to its management.

NEW DRIED BLACKBERRIES, TURKISH PRUNES, ALDEN APPLES, VALENCIA RAISINS, ENG. CURRANTS.
CHAS. KUPITZ.

Money to Loan.
Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers.
M. P. SLATTERY.
12m4 Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

COMBS, BRUSHES,
toilet articles, etc., at
HOLLEMBACK'S.

Cheap Coal.
E. H. Bly in addition to his contract with the N. P. for 10,000 tons of coal is prepared to furnish the trade both local and foreign. 3611

For Sale or Rent.
The store occupied by E. Menkus on Third Street. Apply to M. P. SLATTERY. 31-37

Hay And Oats For Sale.
Hay in stack or delivered in town. Inquire of Henry Suttle, one mile south of town on the Apple Creek road.

For Sale.
The Echert farm one mile and a half south of Bismarck, containing 160 acres. Also farm machinery. Apply to the undersigned.
2411 Wm. HARMON,
FR. A. LINCOLN D. T., Jan. 10, 1880.

Serap of Unpublished History.

A subscriber writes from Fort Buford the following interesting sketch of early frontier life: "At the mouth of the Musselshell in 1869 a trading post was established and garrisoned by about a dozen soldiers and two hunters. The two best shots and crack hunters were Geo. Grennell and "Liver-eating" Johnson. The following spring as the wife of the trader was picking berries about two hundred yards from the post, the Indians dashed in, shot her through the neck and scalped her. A squaw who was with her at the time was also wounded but managed to reach the fort and give the alarm. Grennell (at present ranchman on Dry Fork, below Ft. Buford) and Johnson, followed by six other men, pursued the Indians a short distance, when they were seen to cache themselves in a washout. The whites kept under the bank until they reached the edge of the wash-out, but dare not look in. They contented themselves with shooting off the Indians' camp sticks, while the Sioux whistled away the time with war songs, awaiting the approach of darkness that they might slip away. Fate decreed otherwise. Just before sunrise two of the party volunteered to start the Indians out while the rest were to pick them off as they dashed forth. The two men proceeded to the mouth of the wash-out, where they found the Indians had barricaded it with shields made of buffalo hide. About twenty shots were fired by the men and the Indians, singing their death song, dashed out, but twenty-seven of them dropped in their tracks, only seven having made their escape. None of the whites were injured, but Johnson, who received a flesh wound in the thigh. After the party had scalped the twenty-seven savages Johnson took an Indian's liver and asked the boys who wanted liver. None responded, so Johnson ate about half a pound, and ever since has been known as "Liver-eating" Johnson. The white woman who was scalped, survived, and lived on the river five years."

New Navy Beans at
CHAS. KUPITZ.
PIPES, MEERSCHAUMS
and Briar Root at
HOLLEMBACK'S.

Baby Mine Colliery.
E. H. Bly is now prepared to furnish coal to settlers along the line of the N. P. any who are willing to the same on a low rate of freight furnished by that line. Parties desiring coal will be furnished with price per ton delivered at any station or siding by applying to E. H. Bly.

PLAYING CARDS,
stationary and blank books at
HOLLEMBACK'S.

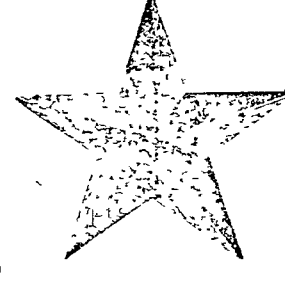
No Lack of Milk.
Bismarck hotel keepers, and Bismarck people generally, who have a supply of milk, should order of Oscar Wad, who will keep up with the demands of trade no matter how fast Bismarck may increase its population.


Cheap Cloaks.
Ladies, if you want a cloak cheap, go to DAN EISENBERG'S.


Dress Goods.
Dress good at reduced prices at DAN EISENBERG'S.

Dry Goods,
Dry Goods,
At Slaughtering Prices
AT
DAN EISENBERG'S.
NO. 8 FOURTH STREET.
Who is offering his entire stock at Greatly Reduced Prices, consisting of
Dress Goods, Corsets, Trimmings, Fringes, Hosiery Cloaks, etc.
Hamburg Edging a Specialty.
Now is the time to buy goods Cheap as I am going to close out my entire stock within Ninety Days.

D. I. BAILEY. J. B. BAILEY.
D. I. BAILEY & CO.
DEALERS IN GENERAL
-HARDWARE-
Stoves and Tinware,
Whips and Lashes.
82, MAIN ST.
BISMARCK D. T.

REMEMBER THE

HOPE HERE
The Star Clothing House,
[Cor. Main & 4th Sts., Bismarck,
Is offering some astonishing bargains in Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods. Mr. Eppinger has a very large and complete stock and guarantees satisfaction to his customers.

SUITS. SUITS. SUITS.
Over Coats. Over Coats. Over Coats.
Made to Order at the
t. P. B. C. H.

BISMARCK & MANDAN R. R.
FREE PASS.
This ticket entitles the holder to one FREE R. R. ticket to Mandan and return ON FOOT OR BY STAGE, providing he buys his Tobacco and Cigars at the North Star Store.
CLUM EMMONS, Superintendent.
GOOD UNTIL USED.

REED'S

TONIC
—IS A—
THOROUGH REMEDY
for disorders of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, indigestion and diarrhoea, etc. of the adult form, which debilitate, it has no equivalent, as it can have no substitute. It should not be confounded with the tritumated compound of cheap salts and essential oils, often sold under the name of Bitters.
FOR SALE BY
DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND WINE
MEN EVERYWHERE.
Thos. Van Etten,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BISMARCK D. T.
E. L. Strauss & Bro.,
WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELERS,
BISMARCK, D. T.
ELDER & CO.,
Proprietors
Pacific Saloon,
Cor. 4th and Meigs Streets.
First-Class Liquors and best brands of Cigars.
Centrally located and the popular resort of the Boys.
2611